YANK

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By the men . . . for the men in the service

START OF AN INVASION

irst Interview With Marshal Tito in Yugoslavia

PAGE 8

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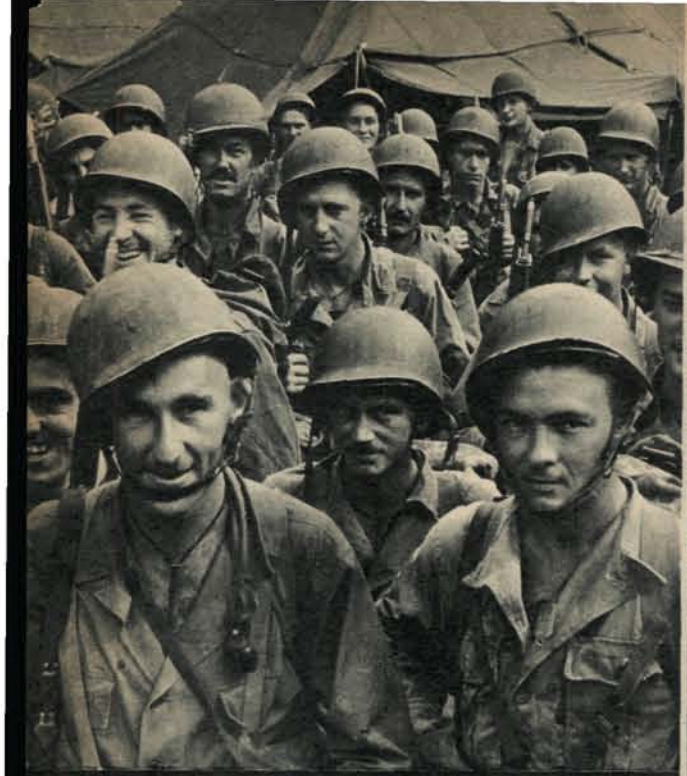
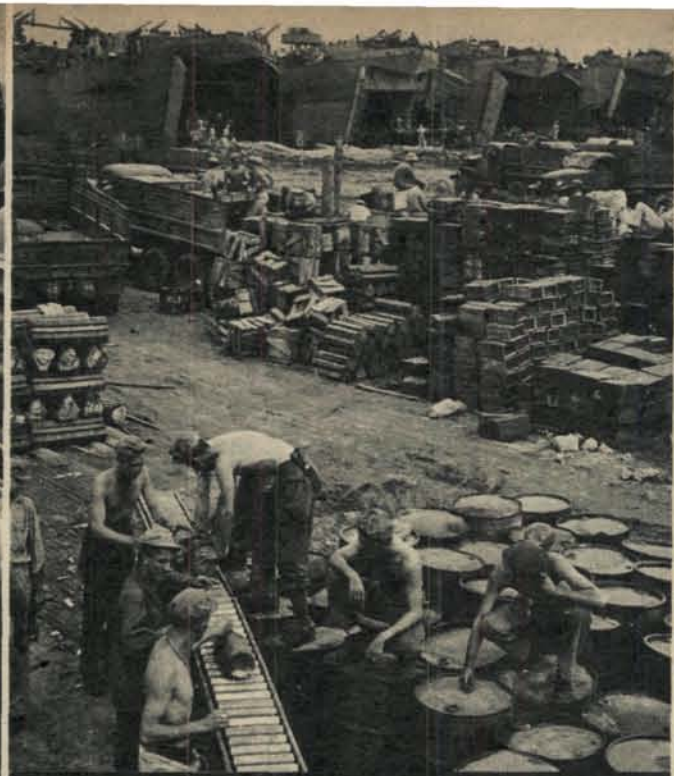


1. Infantrymen wait in their assembly area.



2. While on the beach loading is under way.

3. Riflemen with full packs go aboard

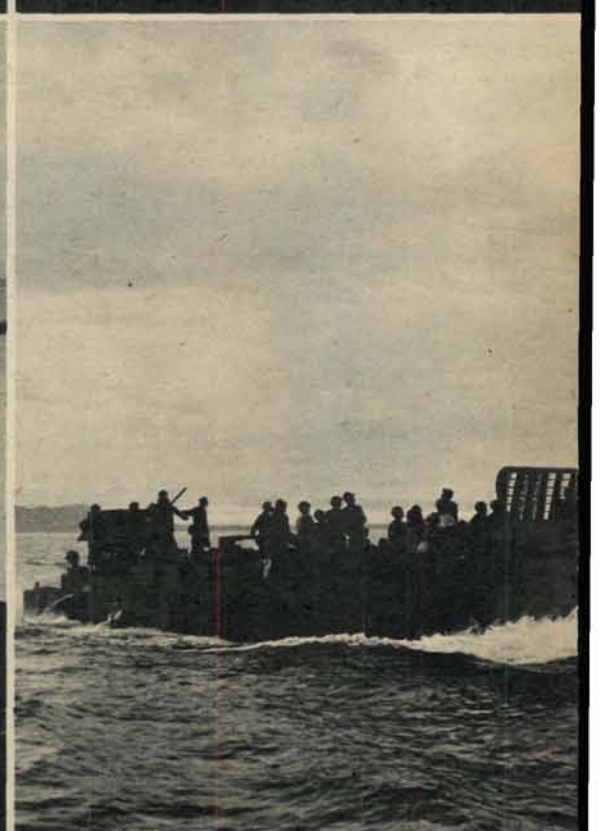
6. Before shoving off, services are attended.

7. Hollandia-bound, Navy crewmen man guns.

8. A dry run in gunnery for Leland Bird

9. Standing offshore, the destroyers range in.

10. And landing craft churn toward a beach.



11. Men search the skies as an LCM move

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4. Medics with litters mov

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12. A weapons platoon hits 1

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15. Vehicles move along the narrow beach.

16. While the infantry nudges its way ahead.

17. Moving in column of deuces down a road

19. Across a footbridge toward the objective.

20. Now a machine gun slants in on Hollandia.

21. And the infantry plods through the town

24. A well blasted-out Jap barge is scouted.

25. The wounded come back through Hollandia.

26. Five Samurai swords for S/Sgt. Leo Gathof

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18. Past a supply dump fired by Navy shells.

22. They relax with souvenirs at a Jap HQ.

23. A fresh-caught Jap, tagged a prisoner of war, is interrogated. A string is holding on his glasses.

27. Crockery is sorted by Pfc. Claude Hayden.

28. The colonel (A. B. Roosevelt) takes a break.

29. Some Japs had died at Hollandia before.

masthead on the editorial page. Entered as second class matter July 6, 1942, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price $3.00 yearly. Printed in the U. S. A.

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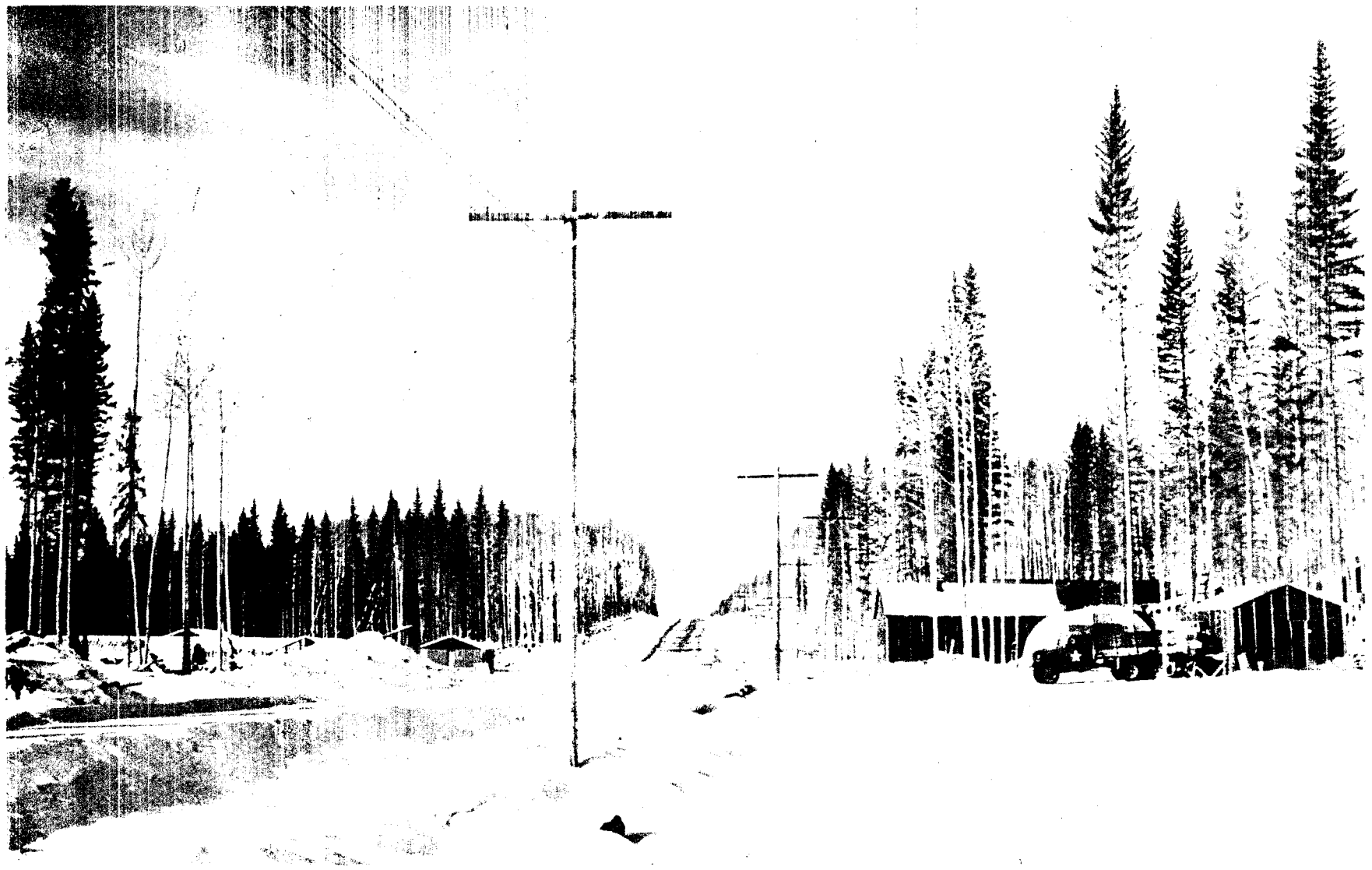

ALASKA HIGHWAY GETS DISCHARGED

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

FAIRBANKS, ALASKA—The Alaska Highway has been handed its honorable discharge. It's not in the Army any more. But it's still under military control, and you can't drive on it without the War Department's okay.

It's more than two years since Engineer dogfaces were clambering off the train at Dawson Creek, British Columbia, to start clawing out a pioneer trail 1,600 miles north to Fairbanks, Alaska. Now a thin trickle of troops is flowing back over the same path. They're headed for the States and maybe somewhere else overseas. The jobs they're leaving behind are passing to civilians hired by the U. S. Engineering Department.

These are such jobs as barreling trucks through, giving the road its daily shave with graders and massage of gravel, working in the repair shops, filling gas tanks and checking the course of all vehicles at relay stations. Soon the only soldiers you'll see on the Alaska Highway will be doing specialized jobs that Uncle Sam isn't ready yet to turn over to civilian hired hands.

Map locates 1,600-mile route of the Alaska Highway.

Now that they're turning back, the GIs are taking stock of what became of all their sweat and toil and some blood in the last two years. Some are flabbergasted at the size of their handiwork. The Alaska Highway isn't the Lincoln Highway, but it's not the Old Ox Road, either.

Just saying it's a whale of a project doesn't give you much of a picture, but here are a couple of angles that might. If you took the train from Miami to Tallahassee in Florida, that would be about the same deal as from Edmonton, Alberta, the "gateway to the Alaska Highway," to Dawson Creek, where the road really begins. Then, if you drove from Tallahassee through Birmingham, Ala., Little Rock, Ark., Oklahoma City, Okla., and then swung north and continued to a spot on the Missouri River above Casper, Wyo., you'd have covered about the same ground, with all the twists and turns, as between Dawson Creek and Fairbanks. The only town you'd bump into on that whole trip would be about where you'd hit Oklahoma City. That town would be Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, a village smaller than Carson City, Nev.

Or look at it this way. If you stretched the Alaska Highway in one straight line, including bridges, Winston Churchill could ride in a jeep from the White Cliffs of Dover across the Channel, through Belgium, Germany, Poland and Lithuania, and right up to Joe Stalin's front door in Moscow.

As to scenery, there's no spot on the road as spectacular as, say, Yosemite Valley. The highway starts in the sprawling agricultural acres of British Columbia and winds up in the scattered farm patches around Fairbanks. In between it's mile after mile of skinny white birch, tall sticky spruce, scraggly jackpine, steep gorges, broad glacial bottomlands and rolling hummocky tundra. Curves are gentle and the hills are gradual. The highest point on the route is only 4,214 feet at Summit Lake, a pass through the Rocky Mountains 400 miles north of Dawson Creek.

All those rugged-looking pictures you used to see of the highway during construction—just a pair of muddy ruts slashing through a narrow aisle in the trees—are ancient history now. For 90 percent of the distance the road is 26 feet between shoulders. In winter the graders keep the surface as hard and smooth as concrete. The speed limit is 35 miles per hour, but you could hit 60 with safety except that it's as slippery as an oyster's abdomen. Last spring the thaw made many sections impassable, and ice wiped out a lot of the temporary bridges. The same trouble is expected this year, but on a lesser scale.

IT'S no secret that nowhere near the amount of freight is moving over the road as there would be if the Japs were still giving us a bad time out in the Aleutians. But that doesn't mean the highway isn't doing a job. Actually it has become the main trunk of a network of facilities that have

Greyhound buses link Dawson Creek with Fairbanks.

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brought Alaska closer to the U. S. in two years than in all its previous history.

Running alongside the highway is the longest open wire circuit in the world, connecting Alaska and the U. S. by telephone and teletype for the first time. Signal Corps and Engineer troops helped install the line, sinking about 35 poles every mile for the 2,026 miles between Edmonton and Fairbanks. The line, like the highway itself, cuts through four time zones.

Late in 1943, about the same time the phone line was nearing completion, the longest overland mail route in the world was opened over the highway. This provided daily first-class delivery out of Edmonton. The mail truck makes it from Dawson Creek to Fairbanks in about three days and 19 hours. The service is operated jointly by the U. S. and Canadian Post Offices.

For several hundred miles, the four-inch pipe line of the Canol project follows alongside the highway, and one of the main branches off the highway is the recently opened Norman Wells Road. Five QM drivers from Teslin were the first to push through a truck convoy to Norman Wells. They were Cpl. Joseph L. Frey, T-5 Joseph T. Adams and Pfcs. Otis A. Lunyou, Michael E. Doheny and Joseph T. Smallman.

Another branch of the highway, the Haines Cut-off, gives the panhandle section of southeastern Alaska its first overland connection with the rest of the Territory. This road runs from the Army's old Chilkoot Barracks docks for 154 miles, along the trail trampled out by the herd of cattle Jack Dalton drove north to Dawson City in 1898 and sold as beef for almost their weight in gold. The Haines Cut-off hits the main Alaska Highway 100 miles west of Whitehorse.

To top it off, Greyhound buses operated by the Northwest Service Command shuttle over the highway daily between Dawson Creek and Fairbanks. The buses carry GIs going on and returning from furloughs and civilian workers.

In short, except for the sloppy season of thaw, traffic over the Alaska Highway is no longer a catch-as-catch-can affair. Freighting by truck is like the old pony-express system brought up to date. A truck leaving Dawson Creek is loaded, inspected, checked through the dispatch station. The driver jockeys it to the next relay station, about 100 miles away, where another driver takes over. Until the recent shift of administration of the road to the Northwest Division, USED, all drivers were GIs from QM truck companies, and the relay stations were manned by soldier clerks and repair mechanics. GIs also operated the highway patrol that covered the road in 100-mile segments. Each patrol car cruised 50 miles north and south of its station, reporting any bad spots on the road and giving aid to stalled drivers.

SOME of the men are seriously wondering what the post-war prospects are for the Alaska Highway. They'd like to open up tourist camps. S/Sgt. William V. Koeninger of Chillicothe, Tex., already has a spot picked on the shores of Muncho Lake at a site pointed out by Indian Charlie MacDonald, a guide who lives in that section with his 104-year-old father, four sons, six daughters, six horses and six dogs.

Several others have their eye on Lake Therese, a freak hot spring that bubbles up through the snow into a pool of water at a temperature of around 100 degrees. This is a mile off the highway in Tropical Valley, 213 miles north of Fort Nelson.

Most GIs, though, claim they've had their fill of the highway for now and ever afterward. One of the stock gags is about the yardbird who wanted to get away so badly he was bucking for a Section 8 by biting trees to test their texture.

This skeptical attitude is shared in part by Brig. Gen. James A. O'Connor, who commanded the highway's operations until he was succeeded by Brig. Gen. Ludson D. Worsham of the USED. "The average tourist has two or three weeks' vacation," Gen. O'Conner said. "In most cases it would take at least half that time just to reach Dawson Creek, where the road begins. Its more important peacetime function should be making new mining and settlement areas accessible.

"Primarily the Alaska Highway was built for insurance. We wanted to be sure the line of communication with the north would always be open."

This Week's Cover

THROUGH a frame formed by two wire men, YANK's Sgt. Dick Hanley photographed this group of GIs carrying rations aboard one of the LCIs that participated in the invasion of Hollandia, New Guinea. On pages 2, 3, 4 and 5 of this issue, YANK prints a complete picture story of this operation as recorded by cameramen Cpl. Bill Alcine and Sgt. Hanley.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Sgt. Dick Hanley. 2, 3, 4 & 5—Cpl. Bill Alcine & Sgt. Hanley. 6—Sgt. Georg N. Meyers. 8—PA. 11—Sgt. Dave Richardson. 12 & 13—Sgt. John Frano. 18—Upper left, PRO, Fort Monroe, Va.; center & lower right, Signal Corps, Camp Fannin, Tex. 19—Lower left, Signal Corps, Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla; upper right, Acme; center right, USMC; lower right, AAFTC, Columbus, Miss. 20—Warner Bros. 23—Upper, PA; lower, Sgt. Hanley.

"SOMEWHERE in the CARIBBEAN"

By Cpl. JUD COOK
YANK Staff Correspondent

PARAMARIBO, SURINAM—*Diesie na tro foe na* YANK *foe de na moro verwondroe prokserie foe mekie wie alla sabie na takkie na wan alla-dei sannie foeden boesi-nengre dei de liebie morokrosie-be foe na kantie foe Noord Amerika.*

["This is claimed by YANK to be the strangest lead ever written for publication. The language is one used by jungle natives near the shores of North America."]

The second paragraph is a word-for-word translation of the first, which was written in Talkie-talkie, a language spoken in only one part of the world—the matted jungles of Dutch Guiana, or Surinam.

Talkie-talkie is a mixture of Dutch, Spanish, French, English, Portuguese and the mumbo-jumbo of the African bush. The lingo is not easy to learn, and there are almost no printed or written records of it. In spite of this, some GIs belonging to jungle-rescue and crash-boat outfits have learned to chew the fat with the natives of the swampy underbrush.

It is in the jungles of the Guianas—British, French and Dutch—that you learn what it means to fight the war in the Caribbean. High above these jungles, Air Transport Command planes fly regular routes day and night. They are doing their job of delivering supplies, but they pay the price exacted by the weather above and the jungle below.

It is not hard to find GIs and officers in the Guianas who have tried their strength against the jungle. There are many who have tasted baboon meat during torturous weeks of pushing through the bush to reach a plane wreck, come nose to nose with a boa constrictor or slept in native huts during their jungle treks.

In the midst of this primitive wilderness, the American GIs have left their trade-mark. From an outpost called Moengo to the eastern boundary of Dutch Guiana, they have slashed "the Million Dollar Highway of the Guianas," so-called because it is surfaced for 30 miles with bauxite, the ore from which aluminum is made.

Far back in the bush, where the bauxite mines are located, American and Puerto Rican soldiers stand guard. Although players are scarce, their baseball diamond is probably one of the most expensive in the world, since it too is richly layered with bauxite. The outfield is fertile tropical grass. Apart from the American national game, there are few diversions at this and other lonely posts except GI movies and some PX-beer.

Supplies to Moengo are transported by a Higgins crash boat, skippered by an ex-infantryman who was assigned to the 100-mile, 10-hour river run because he used to own and operate an East Coast fishing boat in the States. In his 15 months on the job, crewmates swear, Pfc. Robert Robinson of Philadelphia, Pa., has come to recognize every tree that slips past his eyes on the long river run to Moengo.

The entire Corps of Engineers at Moengo consists of T-4 Ralph Del Vicario of Providence, R. I., whose job is to keep refrigeration in good shape. In his spare time he has provided the boys in his barracks with a hot shower system, one of the few showers in the Antilles Command where you can turn a faucet and get hot water.

An Americanism that is notably lacking in Dutch Guiana is the slot machine—the coins are square here and don't fit. But at an airfield in British Guiana you can find an honest-to-goodness popcorn machine. Drinking American beer and eating popcorn are one of the best cures for the curse of the Caribbean—utter boredom.

THE average GI down here has been "somewhere in the Caribbean" for at least 18 months and probably as long as two years. He's all ears when you talk about rotation, just as much as the Pacific GI who has seen combat. Probably he's even a little eager, looking for a match with the enemy he can win instead of one he can take by forfeit.

As for being rotated back to the States instead of to a combat area, one man has been here so long that if he were sent back home, he said, he'd rent a room in a hotel and watch people through his window for a week "just to see how they act." And another was worried that he'd have difficulty with "these new-fangled ration laws."

But the man who's finding it hardest of all down here is T-5 John Price of Newark, N. J., assigned to a maintenance company in Trinidad. It's tough for him to sweat out his time because his daily job is to repair watches.

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Interview with TITO of Yugoslavia

By Sgt. WALTER BERNSTEIN
YANK Staff Correspondent

PARTISAN HEADQUARTERS, SOMEWHERE IN YUGOSLAVIA [By Cable] — Marshal Josip Broz — Tito of Yugoslavia—is a man of high intelligence and sensitivity, dedicated with his people to the job of freeing his country and establishing a federal democratic Yugoslavia.

I can report this after walking from the Adriatic Coast deep into liberated territory to interview Tito. I was the first correspondent to visit him in his Partisan headquarters.

To get here I had to hike day and night for what seemed like months, most of the time over mountains and part of the time through German-occupied territory. It was a tribute to Partisan strength and organization that we finally arrived more or less intact.

The interview took place at night in the house that Tito shares with other members of his staff. The location of the house is naturally secret. It is heavily guarded by tough Partisan soldiers who shoot first and ask you to halt afterward. I was taken there by a young Partisan lieutenant.

The night was very black, and I had no idea where we were going. Once we crossed a stream on a slippery log. Several times we were stopped by guards who appeared silently in the darkness.

In the distance we could hear the roar of a waterfall. The sound grew louder as we approached and finally we could see it, the water churning white and phosphorescent in the night. Tito's house was next to the waterfall, under an overhanging mountain that protected it from air raids.

We walked up to the house. There were more guards at the entrance, young men with tommy guns over their shoulders and captured German pistols in their belts. The lieutenant conferred briefly with them and one of the soldiers went in the house. The rest of us waited outside. It was cold near the waterfall, and the spray fell all around us like thin rain. Finally the soldier came out of the house and led us around to the side.

We stepped up onto the porch and stopped in front of the door. The lieutenant knocked, opened the door and stuck his head inside. Then he pushed open the door and stepped back, and I walked in.

TITO was seated at a desk facing the door, and he stood up when I entered. I didn't know whether to salute, but he held out his hand and I shook it instead. He showed me to a chair next to his desk. A huge dog that looked like a wolf was sleeping by the chair. He stirred when I sat down, but Tito said a few words in Croatian and the dog lay still again. Then Tito sat down.

He has one of the most impressive faces I have ever seen. It is Slavic, with high, wide cheekbones. It is a strong face, but not hard. Its most striking quality is one that you do not expect from a leader in such a bloody war, and that is kindness. It is a very kind face, almost gentle. Tito's eyes are set deep and wide apart, and it is difficult to tell their color. The skin underneath is soft and a little pouchy from fatigue. His forehead is high—what people like to call an intellectual forehead—and his hair is abundant and combed straight back. It is brown, with flecks of gray brushed in.

Tito's face is the face of a man who knows himself and the world around him. It could be the face of an artist or of a big businessman who directs a huge industry. And, in a sense, this man is both of these.

He was wearing a gray uniform of heavy wool, simply cut and of excellent material. On each collar he wore three gold quarter-wreaths on a red rectangle, and on the cuff of each sleeve he had a gold half-wreath enclosing a star.

The room was also simple, small and square, with a patterned red rug on the floor. The walls were covered with a kind of wrapping paper, heavily seamed and reinforced with strips of some white material that looked like parachute silk. One wall was covered with a large map of Yugoslavia. In the corner of the room there was a pot-bellied stove, its pipe running out through the wall. There was little furniture: a small table in a corner, four straight-backed chairs, a large flat desk facing the door and behind the desk a day bed with a dull-green flowered cover. At the head of the bed there were two small tables, each with a radio on it. Even here you could hear the dull roar of the waterfall.

A young girl came in immediately after I had entered and sat down on the other side of the desk. Her name was Olga, and she was an interpreter. Tito speaks fluent German and Russian but no English. The girl spoke English well with a pleasant accent.

Tito would look at her when he talked and then turn to me when he had finished. He talked softly and unhurriedly but without hesitation. As he talked he would finger some of the objects on his desk: a GI flashlight, a copy of "Essential English," a case of British cigarettes. He smoked steadily, putting the cigarettes in a holder shaped like a little pipe. Tito's movements were like his voice—deliberate and sure.

He gave the instant impression of being a leader. I had heard Allied officers refer to Tito as a "big man," and I could see what they meant. He talked of little things; he was tired and didn't feel like discussing large problems; but even so, the qualities of strength and decision came through. But it seemed a strength with compassion, and a decision built out of theory and experience. He seemed that rare kind of man who could achieve a complete fusion of thought and action. Looking at him and listening to him, I could understand the miracle of organization that the Partisans have created—the formation first of a complete army and now of a state with all its components, out of absolutely nothing and against the most savage terror and treachery.

This was the man who had organized a whole people, bewildered and sold out, into a new and powerful state. Knowing nothing about him, we had called him the "Mystery Man of the Balkans," but the only mystery seemed to be why we knew nothing about him, why we had not been informed about this man earlier.

TITO did not talk of his life, but it was evident in everything he said. He was born in a village near Zagreb in Croatia. His father was a peasant, very poor, and Tito became a metal worker. He was drafted into the Austro-Hungarian army in the first World War and captured by the Russians. After the October Revolution in Russia, he asked permission to join the new Red Army and fought

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with it for the remainder of the Russian civil war. Then he returned to Zagreb, where he became a leader of the workers.

But the Yugoslav government imprisoned him, and Tito spent four years in jail. He left the country after his release and passed some years traveling around Europe. He was in Paris when the Spanish War broke out. Contrary to published reports, he did not go to Spain himself but he organized the large Yugoslav delegation that fought there against the Fascists. When the Germans attacked Yugoslavia, Tito was already in Belgrade, preparing to organize resistance.

Tito is married and has two sons. His wife is in Slovenia, working with the Slovenian Committee of National Liberation. His 20-year-old son is a sergeant in the Red Army and has been decorated as a Hero of the Soviet Union. He received the award in the battle of Moscow, where he lost one of his hands He is now in officers' school in Russia. The other son, 5 years old, is in Yugoslavia.

Tito holds four positions in the new Yugoslav state. He is a member of the executive committee, called AVNOJ, which is the Partisans' congress. He is head of the National Committee of Liberation, which is their cabinet and he is minister of war and commander in chief of the National Army of Liberation and Partisan Detachments in Yugoslavia. (The National Army of Liberation is Tito's regular army. The Partisan Detachments are his organized civilian guerrilla fighters.)

He is deeply loved by the people of Yugoslavia, not only because he has led them well but also because he has fought and suffered with them. There are many stories of Tito's bravery. During the first German offensive, he led 12 men in a counterattack against an Italian company. He was himself wounded in the left arm during the terrible fifth German offensive, when it seemed that the entire Partisan army would be destroyed. He is probably one of the finest strategists of this war, mainly because his strategy is based on sound politics as well as good military tactics. He still goes to the front, especially during German offensives.

Tito's cosmopolitan quality becomes more apparent the longer you are with him. He is no simple peasant leader but a man of the world. Actually Tito is an extremely sophisticated man in the highest sense of the word. There are also moments when he gives the impression that he could have been a fine actor: he carries himself well and wears his uniform with a flair.

The first correspondent from an English-speaking country to meet the Partisan leader finds him to be a strong and decisive man of the world with a deep admiration for our American democracy.

The room was square and simple with a red rug on the floor.

This Story Was a Tough Assignment

Sgt. Bernstein

YANK's Sgt. Walter Bernstein completed one of the toughest assignments ever undertaken by a correspondent in this war when he came out of Yugoslavia with the Marshal Tito interview which appears on these pages. He was the first English-speaking correspondent to talk with the Partisan leader at his headquarters. To get there, Sgt. Bernstein walked for seven days across rugged Yugoslavian mountain country and through German-occupied territory. At one point he and his Partisan guides were forced to cross a road under heavy German machine-gun fire.

"But the walk over the mountains itself was dreadful," Sgt. Bernstein reported later. "We would walk sometimes all night and almost all day, sleeping only a few hours. We would start in the morning and reach the snow line of a mountain about 3 in the afternoon, then come down the other side and start climbing the next one. I lost track of time and would think that the dawn was sunset and vice versa. I was sick when we reached Partisan headquarters, ran a fever for three days and my eyes wouldn't focus." After Sgt. Bernstein's visit, Tito was interviewed by John Talbot of Reuter's and Stoyan Pribichevich of *Time*, representing the combined Allied press. Their stories were published while YANK's interview was being reviewed by the censors.

When he was hiding from the Gestapo in Belgrade or Zagreb, he posed as a wealthy businessman. And he always got away with it.

TITO talked about America. He has a feeling for the U. S. that is characteristic of many Yugoslavs. It stems not only from blood ties with the thousands of Slavs who emigrated to America but also from their innate love of democracy and their conception of the U. S. as a great democratic country. Tito talked about how he had wanted to go to America when he was young but was too poor to make the trip.

He talked of the republican tradition in America and what an inspiration it has been to Yugoslavia. He deplored the idea, prevalent in the U. S., that there is civil war in Yugoslavia and emphasized the unity of the people against the Germans and against the native fascists.

He talked about the Partisan army, proudly and with conviction. He pointed out that they have no discipline problem, that they have succeeded in welding the different racial and religious elements in Yugoslavia into a harmonious whole, and that this unity would continue after the war. He said the major problems of his army are physical: food and tanks and antitank guns and an air force of its own, however small.

Here Tito emphasized that his army had been receiving direct and valuable help from the Allied air forces, but he pointed out that there are many qualified Yugoslav pilots anxious to fly for the Partisans who are just sitting around in Allied territory.

But the food problem is the most pressing. The Partisans can continue to lift arms and ammunition from the Germans but the army cannot function at its highest efficiency on a half-loaf of bread a day. If they could get enough food to feed the army, the civilian population could somehow manage to feed itself, he said. As it is, the civilians have to give to the army and no one gets enough.

He talked briefly about the hardships of the people, speaking without sentimentality and with great pride in what they have done. He spoke particularly about the young girls in the army, marching day and night over mountains and then going straight into battle. He regards this as something not desirable in itself; it is only necessary because other Yugoslavs ran away or refused to fight when the Germans invaded the country.

I asked Tito about the treatment of prisoners. He said it was only recently that the Germans agreed to recognize his forces as an army. Before that they called them bandits and executed all they caught. Now the Germans have been compelled by the size and successes of the Partisans to treat them as they treat other Allied armies. One of the main reasons for this, of course, is that the Partisans have been capturing too many Germans.

Tito leaned forward and emphasized here that there has never been an order issued by his headquarters to kill prisoners, but it is a fact that his army does not take many. By this time the soldiers are a trifle bitter toward the Germans, especially because they have had the habit of killing all the Partisan wounded they could find. Those prisoners that the Partisans do take are usually held for exchange.

This just goes for the Germans. As far as the native fascists—the Ustachi or Croatian fascists—they are considered by the Partisans as beyond any rehabilitation and are usually shot. There are about 100,000, and they occasionally are too bestial even for the Germans, I was told.

Captured Chetniks (Serbian troops of Gen. Draja Mikhailovitch) are first offered the chance to join the Partisans. If they refuse they are sent back to their homes with instructions to stay there and behave themselves. The Partisans regard many of these Chetniks as simply poor, ignorant peasants who were drafted by Mikhailovitch and told they were fighting for the Allies. Most of them, I was told, are glad to escape from service under Mikhailovitch and from collaboration with the Germans, but some do return to their units after being released. One Chetnik was captured 11 different times. I asked why they didn't finally shoot him. "Don't be ridiculous," I was told. "We got 11 rifles from that man."

I asked Tito about the quality of the fascist opposition. He said the Germans were unpredictable, sometimes good, sometimes not so good. It depended largely on how much superiority they thought they had. They don't like to fight at night, and night fighting is right down the Partisan alley. Tito said the Ustachi were good fighters because they know they will be killed if they are caught. The Bulgarians were also good, he said; there is a Bulgarian corps fighting against the Partisans in eastern Yugoslavia, and they are fierce fighters. The Chetniks are not so hot, Tito added—there are only about 15,000 of them at this point, and they are dwindling rapidly. Unless bolstered by a strong supporting force of Germans or Ustachi, he said, they do not have much stomach for fighting.

WE talked about an hour, and then it was time to go. Olga, the girl interpreter, looked tired; everyone I met at headquarters looked tired, which seemed natural under the circumstances. I stood up to go, and Tito rose to shake hands again. He said he hoped the American people would finally learn the truth about Yugoslavia. We stood for a moment without talking, and then he said, half to himself:

"Our people will continue to fight against the invader, no matter who he is, whether German or Chetnik or Ustachi."

We shook hands, and I turned to go. I opened the door, and the young lieutenant moved into the room, holding the door open. It was very dark outside. The noise of the waterfall was suddenly loud, and the cool wet spray drifted lightly into the room. Marshal Tito was still standing behind his desk as I went out. He is not a tall man but he filled the room. Then the door closed.

(Next week's YANK will present Yugoslav Diary, Sgt. Bernstein's description of a week with the staff of an underground Partisan newspaper in a mountain village of Dalmatia, the section of Yugoslavia near the Adriatic coast mostly occupied by Germans.)

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Paratroopers are tough guys who tell tough stories about themselves. This is one they tell in Britain. And who are we to doubt it?

By Sgt. ANDREW A. ROONEY
Britain

Too Good for the GUARDHOUSE

YEAH, them six holes up there is what the paratroopers left. Tough? They was plenty tough. Here six weeks before they pulled out.

One of 'em's name was Marcetti. Toughest guy I ever see. Damn, he was tough! Marcetti used to be a rigger in a steel mill at Pittsburgh, and when he come into the Army they made an engineer out of him. Sent him to Belvoir and taught him how to make bridges out of them little boats and how to dig. If there was anything Marcetti didn't want to know how to do, it was dig.

They kept him at Belvoir till they found out they'd got the wrong guy to teach digging to. He used to give half his month's pay to a guy named O'Hara to pull his KP for him, and the other half he'd spend on Scotch up to Washington. Hell of a guy he was; sergeants couldn't do nothing but put him in the guardhouse when he popped off. Too good a man for the guardhouse, Marcetti was, and them officers of his knew it.

After they had him about six months they decided they better get someone else to do their engineering, so they sent him to Paratroop School where he'd been trying to get since they got him. It wasn't so much they let him go where he wanted but they sure'n hell didn't want him, and the Army just don't send nobody back to a Pittsburgh steel company.

Marcetti got hooked up with this rugged Paratroop outfit—one of the first. Hand-picked, them boys was, back in the days when you hadda be able to lick hell out of three marines before they'd let you in.

They wasn't having no more trouble with him like they was having at Belvoir. He didn't get drunk much, and he begin listening because he figured them babies in the paratroops knew more about stuff than he did. At Belvoir he'd always guessed he could dig as good a hole as the next man without a sergeant telling him how.

Well, hell, first thing you know this Marcetti gets to be the demolition expert of the outfit. Goes to demolition school and learns everything there is to know about blowing things up. Before long the outfit moves over here, and they're the babies that's going to drop right out of the ETO onto Jerry some day when he's still tryin' to figure out what day he's going to get dropped on.

Them six holes is a story. At night Marcetti, Hannock, Taragan and the rest would be sitting around here playing poker for what they had. Marcetti would get restless, and without saying much he'd get up and wander into that little room at the end he had to himself. He'd start taking down all them bottles of stuff he had on the wall.

Damn, he had a pile of the stuff. TNT, nitro, dynamite, everything. Had enough to blow this whole ETO to hell and gone. Under his sack Marcetti kept a hack saw, a bunch of them heavy English beer bottles and three pieces of pipe that run the length of his bed. He'd saw himself off a foot or so of pipe, then he'd come back out here and, talkin' natural all the time, he'd smash himself up about six or eight of them beer bottles in a bucket. He'd go back to his room with the bucket of glass, and pretty soon you'd hear that sound like coal running down a chute when he poured the glass into a hunk of pipe.

Marcetti'd come out of his room with his pipe in one hand and a fuse in the other. He'd sit down with the boys again for a while, talking just like he was knitting a sock as he put the fuse into the moxie he'd packed into that length of pipe.

When he was satisfied with the job he'd lean back in his chair, finish what he was talking about and then wander out. In five minutes he'd be back in his chair again, sitting there talking and smiling.

All of a sudden all hell would break loose. The whole damn hut would shake, and the rivets holding them corrugated-roof pieces together would snap off, a few of 'em. For 30 seconds you couldn't think what was happening for the noise of stones and dirt rattling down on the roof.

You shoulda seen the trees out here at the side. You can still see the scars on 'em. Big hunks of broken bottle stuck into them trees from all angles, and out in the field here they was a hole blown deep enough to bury a horse.

After looking around to see how Marcetti's concoction worked that time, the boys would go back to the hut and start playing cards again. In a few minutes this here meek little shavetail from the provost marshal's office would pull up in a jeep outside. He'd come every time, and I knew he hated to come in that hut worse'n anything in the world. It didn't bother Marcetti and this Paratroop outfit none. Nobody who wasn't a paratrooper bothered them guys none.

This second louey would knock on the door real light and then come into the hut. He'd stand there looking pretty helpless with a .45 on his hip and try to make the boys look up from the game by slamming the door. Hell, everybody that come in there slammed the door.

"Look, you fellows," he'd always say. "I asked you not to pull that stunt any more," he'd say. "Cut it out, will you?" he'd say, pleading. Hell, it was funny. There wasn't anything he could do because no one give a damn. They knew where they were headed for, and what anyone but their CO told them didn't carry no weight.

ONE day they brought some new boys in. Fellows up from an Infantry outfit. They'd been through a pretty rugged course, but they wasn't paratroopers. They'd got most of their training back in the States, and they was pretty cocky. Always showing these paratroopers how they learned it.

Things didn't go too well between 'em, and the CO decided something hadda be done. He gets Marcetti to fix up a bunch of tear-gas bombs under the sacks of a couple of these new joes. They was in here then, and Marcetti and his bunch was over in the bigger hut next door.

That night the Infantry boys come in after a speed march, pretty rugged they was, and a couple of 'em flops down on these sacks with the tear gas underneath. Boy, you shoulda been around. The bombs go off, and the hut starts filling with gas. The boys think they've been hit direct with HE.

They come hollering and screaming out of this hut like wild Indians. Marcetti is over there in the next hut, not even watching—just laying on his bunk, looking up at the ceiling and smiling.

This new crowd finally catches on. They get pretty mad but take it good. Can't get back into their hut, though. All their stuff is in there, and a man can't go near the place for the gas.

This shavetail from the provost marshal's office comes along to find out what all the excitement's about. It's getting dark, and he begins to worry about the lights in the hut. Doors and windows are wide open, and there'd been plenty of damn Germans around them nights.

Marcetti hears what's up and comes out of his hut. The louey looks at him pained and helpless like. He knows damn well who set them tear-gas bombs off.

"Can I do anything for ya, lootenant?" Marcetti asks, real casual.

"Well," says the lootenant, "I gotta get them lights out some way. If you'd put your gas mask on and put them lights out I'd be much obliged to ya, sergeant."

Marcetti disappears into his hut just like he's going in to get his mask like the lootenant said.

Well, the funny thing is that Marcetti does come out with his mask—last thing anyone expects to see him do. But on his hip he's strapped his .45.

He flips his hat between his legs like they taught him at Belvoir and starts fixing the straps on his gas mask. He gets his mask on, puts his hat on his head, waves at the louey and starts towards the hut. Marcetti is smiling sure as hell behind that mask, but you can't see it.

About 20 feet from the door of the hut he stops, pulls out his .45 and starts aiming. Everyone's expecting something from Marcetti but not this. He just plugs away six times at them lights hangin' there from the ceiling of the hut, knocks 'em clear out and then calmly walks back towards the louey.

Marcetti pulls off his gas mask. "There you are, sir," he says to the louey and walks back into his hut and lays down.

That's how them six holes got up there. Marcetti. Sorta sorry to see them paratroopers go, but damn! they was tough.

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Merrill's Makeshift Artillery

By Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

BEHIND JAPANESE LINES IN NORTHERN BURMA—Jap artillery was pounding Merrill's Marauders again. Three weeks before, the enemy guns had sent shells whistling into Marauder positions facing the Walawbum garrison. Two weeks before, a Jap battery had ranged in on the Marauders during their attack on the enemy supply route at Inkangahtawng. One week before, a couple of rapid-fire guns had hammered the Marauders all night after their capture of a section of the Shaduzup-Kamaing road.

And now Jap artillery was concentrated on a unit of Marauders on Nhpum Ga hill. Another Marauder unit was driving through to relieve the outfit the Japs had surrounded.

As the 70-mm shell blasts reverberated through the jungles, Maj. Edwin J. Briggs of La Grande, Oreg., CO of the attacking unit, sent for a mule skinner and offered him a new job.

S/Sgt. John A. Acker, the mule skinner, was an ex-mineworker from Bessemer, Ala., who had shipped overseas a year before with a pack howitzer outfit. The outfit had gone to New Guinea. After sitting around for months without going into action, Acker and several others grew restless. When a call was made for animal-transportation men to join Merrill's Marauders, they volunteered. That was seven months before.

"Acker," said the major, "I understand you and some of the other mule drivers who used to be in the pack artillery would like to fire some howitzers back at these Japs. Is that right?"

The Alabaman said it was.

"Well, Acker," the major grinned, "this is an emergency. Two 75-mm pack howitzers will be parachuted to us tomorrow. Get two gun crews together and be ready to fire them."

Next day an expectant bunch of mule drivers stood on the airdrop field, watching brilliantly colored parachutes drift lazily down. When the parachutes hit the ground, the mule skinners became artillerymen again. They grabbed the dismantled howitzers and went to work assembling them. The guns were brand new and clean of cosmoline. Within two hours they were assembled, dug in on the airdrop field and firing.

A mile away the Marauder unit that was driving through Jap machine-gun positions along the trail to Nhpum Ga heard the shells whistle overhead. "What the hell is that?" one rifleman asked another. "Jap artillery behind us, too?" Then a radio message explained that it was Marauder artillery. Soon infantry-directed fire was blasting the strong points holding up the rifle platoon.

Two days later Acker and his impromptu artillery crews put their howitzers on mules and climbed the winding trail for three miles. They emplaced their guns on a ridge overlooking the Jap positions between the trapped Marauder unit on Nhpum Ga hill and the attacking unit. While the guns were being set up again T-4 Robert L. Carr of San Luis Obispo, Calif., started for the front as artillery observer with a walkie-talkie.

The point platoon had run smack up against one of the strongest Jap positions yet. This was a perimeter atop a little knoll from which Jap machine gunners commanded a clear field of fire for several hundred feet down the trail. The steep sides of the knoll made flanking difficult. It would have to be taken frontally. The point platoon asked for artillery and mortar support.

Carr, the observer, took his walkie-talkie up to the first squad. "Jap position approximately 700 yards from guns," he radioed, adding the azimuth. "Fire a smoke shell, and I'll zero you in."

The smoke shell whistled over, followed by a few more as Carr adjusted the firing data. Finally he okayed both range and azimuth. Lacking an aiming circle, the only piece of equipment that was not dropped with the guns, Acker and his men were obliged to use an ordinary infantry compass to gauge azimuth.

These mule skinners gave up their mules for a pack howitzer when Merrill's Marauders needed artillery.

The order came to fire five rounds. Up ahead all morning there had been constant mortar, machine-gun and small-arms fire. But as soon as the howitzers opened fire, Jap bullets began singing over the artillerymen's heads. All day the Japs reminded Acker's men that they were firing practically point-blank at 700 yards.

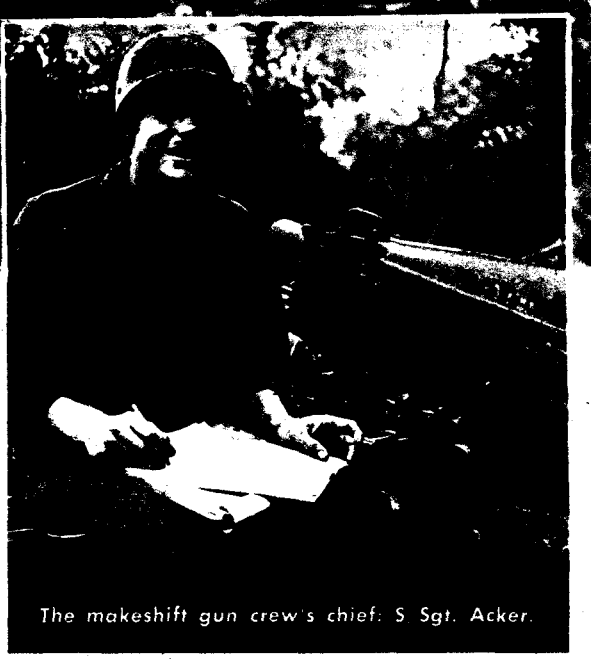
Just after the howitzers fired the five rounds, S/Sgt. Henry E. Hoot of Shepherd, Tex., radioman with the guns, shouted to Acker: "Holy smoke! Some Infantry officer is on the radio. He's excited as hell. Says you're right on the target. And—get this—he wants us to fire 'Battery 100 rounds'."

There's no such order in artillery parlance; actually the correct order for a lot of firing is "Fire at will." Acker chuckled at the order. "Okay, boys," he said. "Open those shell cases fast. Gun crews, prepare to fire at will."

In the next 15 minutes, the jungle hills rang as the two pack howitzers threw 134 shells into the Jap perimeter. The crews had been a bit slow two days before because they hadn't seen a howitzer in seven months, but now they performed as artillerymen should.

Up front the point platoon drove through. They found parts of Jap bodies in trees and all over the ground, virtually blown out of their holes. The dense jungle had become a clearing under the terrific blasting. A platoon leader going through the area, a few minutes after the barrage, discovered two shivering Japs deep in a foxhole, unhurt but moaning with fear. He killed them with a carbine. Apparently they were the only ones who had survived and stayed in the area. The platoon moved through unopposed.

For the next few days the artillery worked hand in hand with the point platoon in blasting other Jap positions. On one of these days Pvt. John W. (Red) Seegars of Kershaw, S. C., walked up to the guns with a broad smile. Seegars had been requested by Acker as No. 1 man on one of the howitzers, but because he was a rifleman and was needed in the drive, he had not been sent back to the guns. Now Seegars was wounded in the left arm.



The makeshift gun crew's chief: S Sgt. Acker.

"As a rifleman I can't crawl with this arm wound," said Seegars, "so they sent me back to the aid station for evacuation. But I'm not going. I can still pull a howitzer lanyard with my right arm." Acker was glad to get him.

MEANWHILE Carr, the artillery observer, found things pretty hot at the front. On an advance with a rifle platoon, he was pinned down on the side of a hill by Jap machine guns and grenades at the top. Two men were wounded near him. He left the radio and dragged each of them back through the fire to an aid man. Returning to his radio, Carr egged the Japs into revealing their positions by throwing grenades, thus drawing fire on himself. Then he radioed the howitzers to shorten their range and swing their azimuth until the shells burst near a Jap heavy machine gun 30 yards away.

All this time, a Jap dual-purpose antiaircraft gun was throwing 70-mm shells into the midst of the trapped Marauder unit on Nhpum Ga hill. Acker got a liaison plane to spot the ack-ack gun's position. Then the howitzers fired on it all day. At dusk the Jap gun tried to fire back at the howitzers, but its trajectory was too flat to hit them. The shells either hit an intervening hill or whistled harmlessly high over the artillerymen's heads.

And that morning the Marauder attacking unit broke through to relieve the unit that had been cut off by the Japs for 10 days. Acker and his men, mule skinners no more, fired a salvo to celebrate.

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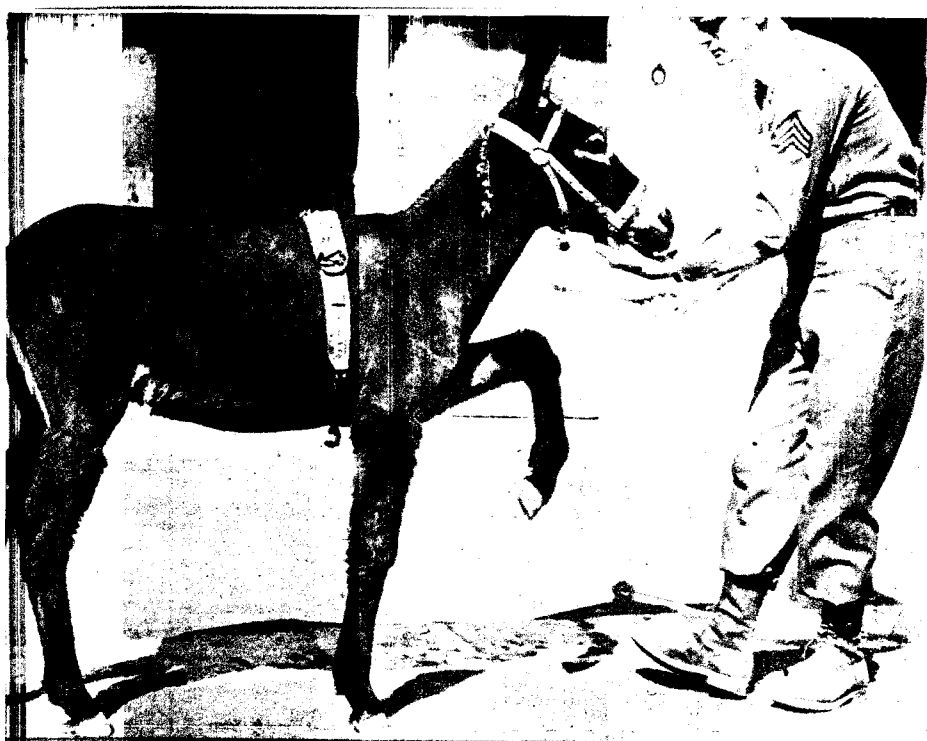
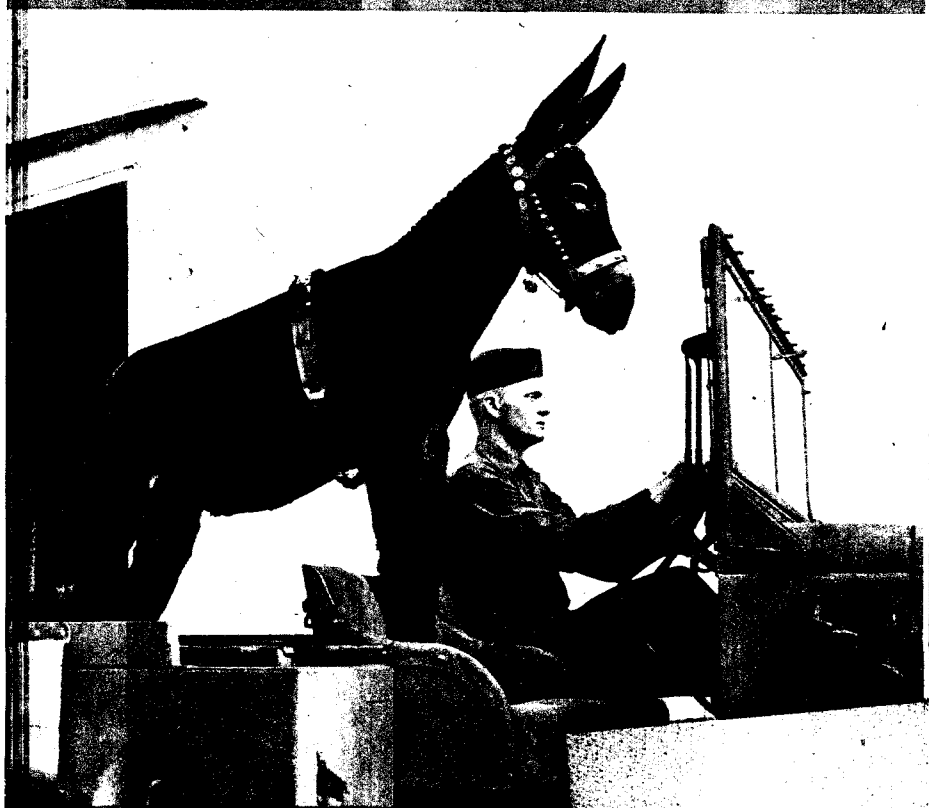


Edda (she was named after Il Duce Mussolini's daughter) gives [illegible] version of the goose step. Ability to do this helps a donkey in stepping [illegible] puddles.



She hasn't learned to drive a weapons carrier yet, but give her time. Riding is easy.

No tricks here, just a portrait of Edda and her master. At that, getting two ears to stand up so is a trick.

Edda hasn't formed the smoking habit, but she sure likes a chaw of terbaccy. She's taken a cigarette out of Wallen's mouth and doesn't intend to return it.

A donkey with the intelligence of Edda thinks this sort of thing is downright silly. But as long as they tied a handkerchief on her leg it's up to Edda to open the knot.

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This phone, [illegible] talk to the man on [illegible]

[illegible] cending some [illegible] on 165 pounds of [illegible]. In addition [illegible] worth $650.

A diver's lead-soled shoes, each weighs 17 pounds. An important item, for a misstep may turn him over.

Diver's knife, his only weapon, is used mostly to cut wire. Local fish aren't dangerous.

Carrying a wrench, Antony LeBlanc CM1c goes down to fix a damaged LCT. The men who lend a guiding hand are James Schultz CM2c (left) and Tony Scionti CM1c.

This small craft, probably used as a tug, once rested smack on the bottom of an Italian harbor, but Navy salvage crew got it up into the light of day again.

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MAIL CALL

Army Postal Service

Dear YANK:

Recently you published a letter from Sgt. Al Forristol in your *Mail Call* column. It seems the writer was complaining of not having received mail for almost six months. He properly termed it a "crank letter," and little more need be said on the subject. However, since he is hitting the Army Postal Service decidedly below the belt line, I take it as a personal insult. The cases of people who do not receive mail for long periods are few and far between. In the majority, or about 99 percent, of such cases the man concerned is at fault, as he has failed to cooperate with the Army Postal Service. . . .

The Army Postal Service has a lot of work, and that volume is rapidly increasing. We don't claim to be supermen, and have no time to give personal service to screwballs. If the personnel we serve will just use a bit of common sense and cooperate with the various bulletins that are issued, I am sure that there would be fewer complaints. . . .

Egypt —Sgt. R. C. BUCKRUCKER

Dear YANK:

. . . We can assure Sgt. Forristol that there is no conspiracy to rob him of his precious mail. If his letters to the folks back home were written in the same vitriolic, bad-tempered and insulting tone, then what happened to his mail is no mystery. Who the hell would write to him?

Trinidad —Sgt. THERMAN A. TUCKER*

*Also signed by Sgt. Irving Caress, T-4s T. R. Kleinsasser and F. J. Eggen, Cpls. Clinton L. Clenny, Mead R. Johnson, C. M. Shorr and Nathan Finn and Pfc. K. V. Almirall.

Dear YANK:

After reading Sgt. Al Forristol's letter regarding the Army Postal Service we are inclined to believe that he was thinking only of himself when he mentioned fatheads and things that stink. If you can supply us with his complete address we will see that he gets at least one letter, anyhow, and we guarantee it won't have any lip prints on it, either. . . .

India —Army Postal Personnel

Dear YANK:

. . . We have all read the letter which was written to you from Sgt. Alfred Forristol, and since we find that he is at our station we want to put both him and you straight as to his particular case, also any others who might be complaining. We have tried to locate Sgt. Forristol personally, ever since his letter was published in your magazine, but it seems he has taken cover for some reason, and now we will try and show you why. Sgt. Forristol states that he has not received a letter from home since Sept. 26, 1943, and our records show that he has only been in the ETO for three months, also that this has been his only station since he arrived in the ETO.

We have talked to the unit mail clerks of his squadron, and they recall very distinctly of Sgt. Forristol receiving mail regularly ever since he has arrived at this station; also, at this very moment, we have at this post office 11 letters for this rookie of the ETO. . . .

Britain —T-4 CHARLES A. MILLER*

*Also signed by Cpl. John E. Barnhart and Pfc. Leon Rosen.

The Enemy

Dear YANK:

I have just seen the motion picture "Purple Heart," and I wish to voice some of my feeling about this picture. . . . Aside from certain technical errors, such as a lieutenant being described as a sergeant's "brother officer," the movie demonstrates the stupidity some producers inflict upon us. . . . When I see the Japs once again portrayed as comic-opera characters, thick-skulled and insanely egotistical, I am inclined to walk out. . . . I feel it is very poor psychology for us to be taught that Japs are insignificant little jerks, easily outwitted by any American.

I thought we had passed the stage of underestimating the intelligence of our enemy. As a soldier I would rather learn about the deadliness of the Japs' trickery and their inhuman ferocity. I have friends in the Army recovering from wounds inflicted by members of that "comic opera" race. . . .

Pine Camp, N. Y. —Pvt. ROBERT J. FOGARTY

Dear YANK:

I just finished reading an article [in a recent issue of YANK] and I'm very unhappy. Reason: on page 9 you quote a Russian soldier in this reference to a Nazi: "Babies, he said they were. 'Mama. Mama.' they cried." Are you trying to insult the common sense of the American soldier, or are you ridiculing the feats of the Red Army? This is the theme that has been followed not only by you but by many daily papers, the theme that the Nazis are either cowards or babies.

Is that actually what the American soldiers are up against—a lot of cowards? That's the impression we get, although plenty of us know very well that when we do engage the Germans, we'll not be meeting someone who will throw away his arms and run, crying "Mama. Mama." We'll be meeting soldiers who'll try to kill us. I know that after I have met a German and emerged victorious I certainly want it said that I whipped a damn good soldier and not a baby or a coward.

Camp Maxey, Tex. —S/Sgt. JAMES L. CONDON

Pin-ups

Dear YANK:

We boys do not approve of your very indecent portrayal of the spicy looking female in a recent edition of our much-loved and eagerly read YANK. It seems the intelligent-looking Irene Manning would never pose for such a suggestive-looking picture. We may seem old-fashioned, but sending YANK home to wives and sweethearts with such a seductive-looking picture, we feel compelled to make an apology for this issue.

Is this the much publicized "Pin-Up Girl" that the Yankee soldiers so crave? We have our doubts! Miss Manning is well dressed, but the pose—phew! (Hays office please take note.)

Believe it or not, our average age is 23.

Britain —Sgt. E. W. O'HARA*

*Also signed by Cpl. P. Pistocco Jr. and D. E. Clark.

Dear YANK:

I don't know who started this idea of pin-ups, but they say that it is supposed to help keep up the morale of the servicemen, or something like that. Here is my idea of the help it is. In the first place, I would say that 24 out of 25 of the men in the service are either married or have a girl at home whom they respect and intend to marry as soon as this war is over. . . . How many of you GIs would like to go home and find the room of your wife or girl friend covered with pictures of a guy stepping out of a bathtub, draped only in a skimpy little towel, or see the walls covered with the pictures of a shorts advertisement or such pictures? None of you would. Then why keep a lot of junk hanging around and kid yourself about keeping up morale? . . .

I would much rather wake up in the morning and see a picture of a P-51 or 39 hanging above my bed or over the picture of my wife, whom I think is the best-looking girl in the world, than of some dame who has been kidded into or highly paid for posing for these pictures.

Myrtle Beach AAF, S. C. —Pfc. JOSEPH H. SALING

Dear YANK:

In two of your recent British editions you put the pin-up girls on the back of the maps. How the hell can you look at the maps and pin up the girls, too?

Britain —Pvt. LAWRENCE A. PETERSON

■ We were beginning to think you didn't care.

Kentucky Derby

Dear YANK:

In an April issue of YANK Sgt. Dan Polier made a little mistake in his Kentucky Derby story which I wish to correct. I'm not stating that Dan doesn't know the difference, but William Woodward's stable and Calumet Farms are two different stables. Woodward's stable is known as Belair Stud and the Calumet Farms are owned by Warren Wright.

Britain —Cpl. ROBERT B. GREGOR

■ Sgt. Polier erred on his stables, all right, but he did a little better on his horses. Back in October 1943 he said: "The Kentucky Derby is still a long way off, but you might paste the name of Ben Jones' colt Pensive in your helmet liner for future reference. He can fly around other horses just like Whirlaway used to do." P.S.—Pensive won the Derby.

Soldier Morals

Dear YANK:

We, the men of this detachment, have just finished reading in a recent issue of YANK the epic of one Pvt. Sir Stanton R. Gaylord, who deplores the state of national morality back home and says that servicemen have done most to cause delinquency among adolescent girls. This is of grave concern to us over here, because most of us have hopes of some day returning to marry some of these girls. Those righteous speeches of Gaylord's sound pretty good to the ear if that's as far as you allow them to go. As yet nothing in our career as soldiers, either in the states or in the 18 months we've been away, has led us to believe that any of those GI "crusaders" are shirking their duty in the seduction of our women. In other words, Gaylord, how much time elapsed between the writing of that classic and the time you arrived at the corner of Broadway and 42d Street in search of a teen-ager to take for a stroll through Central Park?

Iran —M/Sgt. KEN L. WALTERS*

*Also signed by T/Sgts. Ted A. Werling, Jeff J. Phillips and Paul R. Irons and S/Sgts. H. A. Reukapt, Julian Wolfe, Charles H. Rinaldi, Thomas E. Fite and Francis A. Bove and "sergeants, corporals and privates too numerous to mention."

Dear YANK:

. . . I wonder if Pvt. Gaylord ever went into town in an evening? By the tone of his letter I would think that he spends too much time reading books and not enough time getting some practical experience.

Camp Grant, Ill. —Pvt. WALLACE STOCKING

Boche Bomb

Dear YANK:

This is our first gripe in a long period of avid reading of your satisfying and usually authentic rag. However, the instant our eyes fell upon Sgt. Ralph Stein's illustration above the article on aircraft recognition by Sgt. Mack Morriss, we set up a long doleful wailing. As an Ordnance Bomb Disposal Unit, we consider ourselves experts on the missiles of all nations, so bend an ear and be enlightened. The bomb which threatens our hero in the half-track is supposed to be of German origin, judging from the Stuka which is in the upper right-hand corner. Unfortunately, German bombs do not use nose fuses in HE types of that size at all but employ electric fuses in a transverse pocket in the side. Also, German tail assemblies are of the four-vane type without struts of the design shown. The bomb in the cartoon is unmistakably American in shape and markings and is equipped with a British tail unit.

Britain —T/Sgt. ROBERT L. WRIGHT

■ Nice spotting, sergeant, but here's the way we look at it. American and British bombs are being shipped to Germany in quantity lots. Factories there aren't producing as many missiles as they used to. So, a little Nazi TNT, a British tail, an American casing—and *voilà*, a bastard bomb!

Message Center

Pfc. TONY (NINO) GALLETTA, Co. G, 27th Inf.: write Cpl. Marybelle Hauke, WAC Det., Bks. 4006, Aberdeen Prov. Gr., Md. . . . BUDDY or JAMES HERMANN of The Bronx, N. Y.: write Pvt. David J. Bussell, Co. B, 26th Tng. Bn., MPRTC, Fort Custer, Mich. . . . Lt. RUSSELL H. JOHNSON: write 1st Lt. W. W. Moore, 20th AAB Sq., Mountain Home, Idaho. . . . Cpl. H. M. KELLY, formerly of the "Fighting 38th": write Sgt. Helen L. Steffens, Finance Office, Fort Knox, Ky. . . . Sgt. PAUL KERMAN of the Airborne Inf.: write S/Sgt. Garrison Berman, Laboratory Service, Station Hospital, Fort Jay, N. Y. . . . Pvt. CHARLES DON LEGRAND of the USMC in Camp Elliott, Calif.; write Pfc. Frank McCoy, Co. F, 187th Inf., 11th Airborne Div., Camp Polk, La. . . . PAUL CALVIN MONTGOMERY of Pittsburgh, Pa., last heard of at Eglin Fld., Fla.: write Sgt. James B. McGarry, HBC Det., AAF, Ardmore, Okla. . . . Sgt. JAMES H. NEELAN, once at Dalhart, Tex.: write Sgt. A. J. Berwick, Prison Office, Post Stockade, No. Camp Hood, Tex. . . . Pvt. GEORGE NELSON, last heard of in the Hawaiian Islands: write Cpl. Warren Northridge, Co. F, 116th Cav. Rcn. Sq., Carolina Beach, N. C. . . . Pvt. JOHN LESTER OLSEN, once with Co. I, 39th Div.: write T-5 James P. Henchan, Service Co., 114th Inf., APO 44, c/o PM, Shreveport, La. . . . Anyone having any information about 2d Lt. ROBERT F. PURDY's last flight from base in England: write Cpl. Gordon B. Purdy, Hq. Co. 692 TD Bn., Camp Campbell, Ky. . . . S/Sgt. EARL W. RICHMOND, last heard of in Air Corps at Wheeler Fld.: write T/Sgt. D. E. Strawder, Station Hosp., Ward 5, DAAF, Deming, N. Mex. . . . S/Sgt. RAYMOND RITCHIE: write Pvt. Larry Margolis, 1st Hq., 414th Inf., APO 104, Camp Carson, Colo. . . . Lt. HAROLD (DUTCH) ROBINSON, formerly with Btry. B, 52d CA, N. J.: write Cpl. S. Drexler, Btry. B, 286th CA, Fort Custer, Va. . . . T/Sgt. CHARLES TERRACCIO, formerly with the 47th & 44th Ftr. Sq.: write S/Sgt. Cecil Meadows, Sq. A (Prov), AAFRS #1, Atlantic City, N. J. . . . Pfc. MIKE URLETTI, formerly at Camp Breckinridge: write Pfc. Robert J. Orr, Med. Det., WAAF, Waco, Tex. . . . Pvt. LEONARD J. VOS, formerly in Co. L, 168th Inf.: or anyone having information about him: write Pfc. Isburne C. Ash, Hq. & Serv. Co., Fort Knox, Ky. . . . Capt. JAMES P. WALTON, formerly at Camp Roberts, Calif.: write Pvt. Garenette M. Tillitski, Co. 17, 3d Regt., Fort Des Moines, Iowa. . . . Pvt. ROBERT M. YOUNG, once at Camp Luna, N. Mex.: write Sgt. Ernest R. Hansen, c/o Base Tech. Mapertors Office, AAB, Rapid City, S. Dak. . . . M/Sgt. ANTHONY S. ZALENSKI, Hq. Co., 114th Engrs.: write your brother, Cpl. Walter B. Zalenski, 452d SPTS, Hendricks Fld., Fla.

SHOULDER PATCH EXCHANGE. A list of shoulder-patch collectors' names will be sent to you if you write *Shoulder Patch Exchange*, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Specify whether you want your name added to the list.

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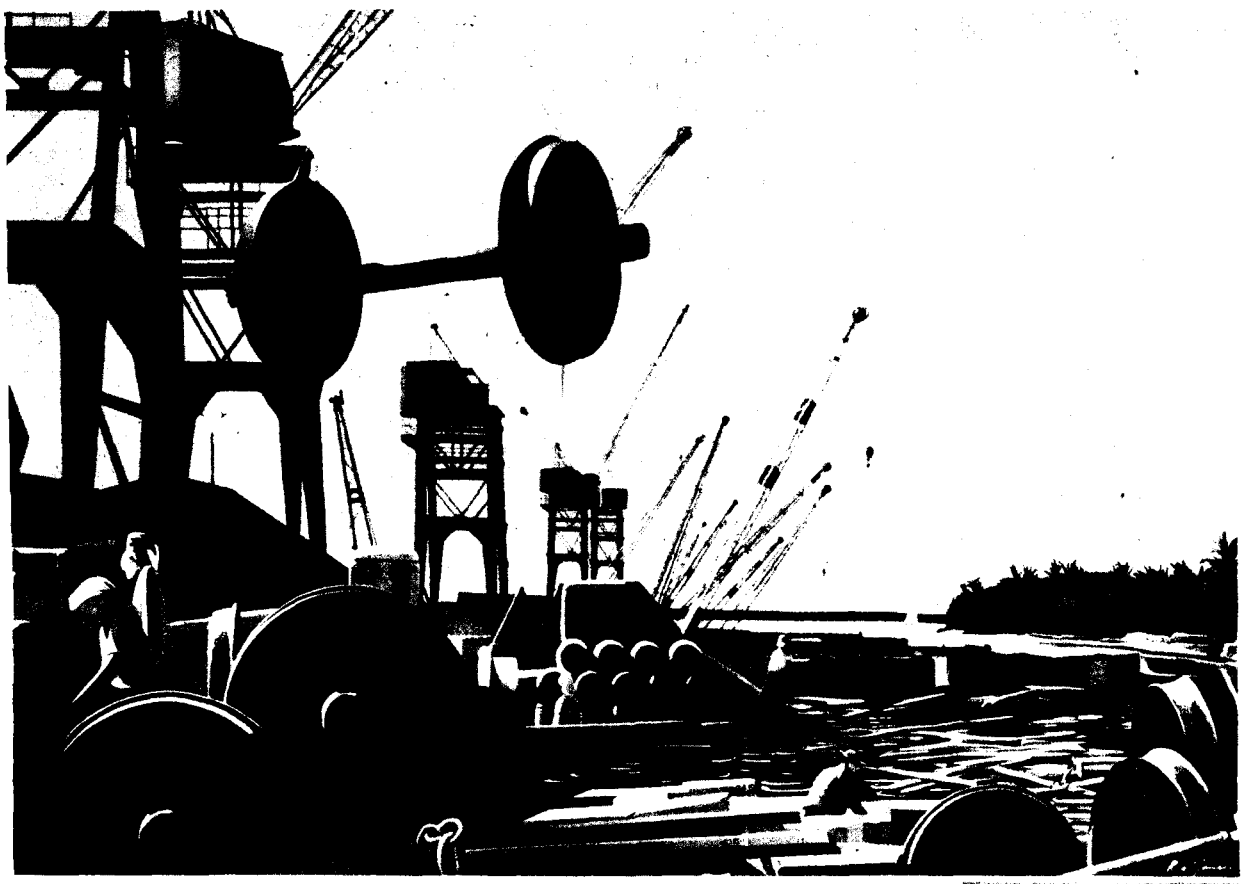
GI Art

TWO soldier-artists attached to the U. S. Army Historical Section in the Middle East, T Sgt. James D. Brooks and T Sgt. Richard H. Jansen, covered plenty of territory in that theater to get material for these paintings. Brooks, the same artist who painted the murals at LaGuardia Field, New York, in civilian life, followed the airfields across the desert to North Africa, while Jansen, a well-known industrial artist whose work used to appear in *Fortune* magazine, traveled by foot, donkey, truck and third-class railway carriages through Iran and the Persian Gulf.

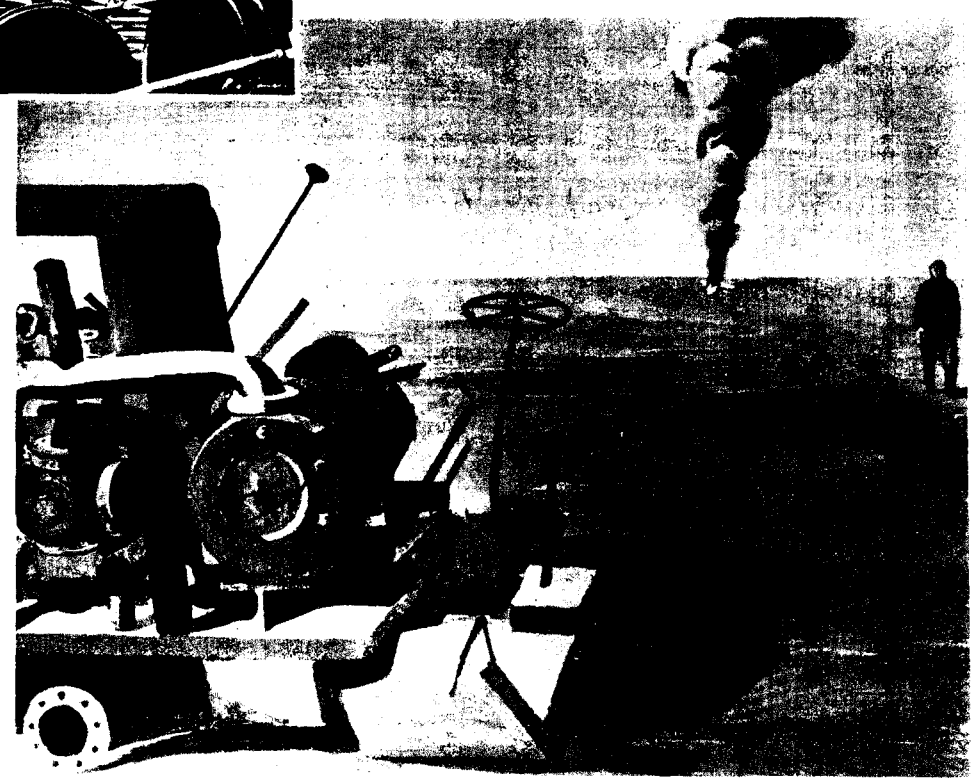
Jansen's "Street Scene in Ahwaz" shows a town in Iran on supply route to Russia.

This painting by Brooks shows the crew of a Liberty ship eating dinner, using a hatch cover as a table.



Jansen's painting "Persian Gulf" depicts a typical scene in an Iranian port where American service forces sweat out the unloading of our Liberty ships.

Brooks calls this North African painting "Dead Birds." The wrecked Nazi planes were shot down by the British during the 1943 drive into Tunisia.



The long-distance perspective in this unusual Brooks painting gives it a strange feeling. A fighter pilot is walking across the desert from his burning plane.

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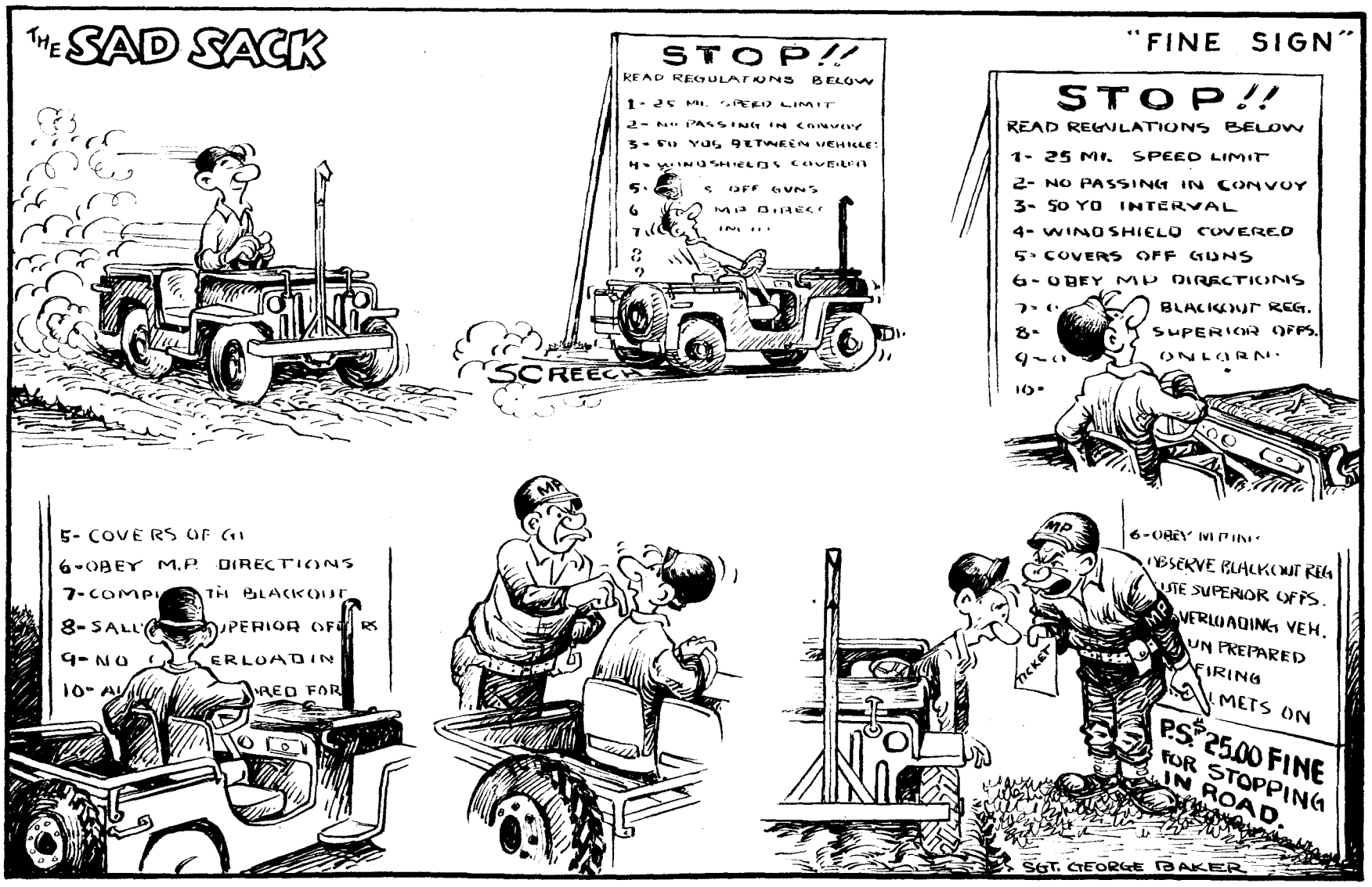

TELL IT TO THE CHAPLAIN

By Cpl. GRANT ROBBINS
China

"LOOK," said the first sergeant. "Why don't you just tell it to the chaplain?"

I gave him the look I'd give to a two-headed thing pickled in a bottle, then I turned and walked out. When one has been in the Army for two years, at home and abroad, he becomes a little tired of the so-called GI slang, the oft-repeated phrase picked up in boot camp by a stunned civilian mind and dropped immediately thereafter—unless the mind remains stunned, as in the case of 1st Sgt. Stein.

I had gone into the orderly room because my name was not on a new rating list. My sad story has such a long background of pyramided woes that I shall not go into it more than to say that only a good heart-to-heart talk with someone would straighten me out.

All right, I decided, I *would* see the chaplain. Of course that interview required considerable preparation, like finding out which chaplain in camp had the highest rank, investigating the CO's religion and memorizing a few chosen texts from my Gideon Bible. It doesn't hurt to talk their language.

The following day I stood before the door of a captain of religion. I was dressed neatly in patched fatigues to give the impression of a poor but honest homespun GI.

"Hello," he said, eying me suspiciously as I closed in on his desk. "Have a cigarette." That wasn't on the schedule, but I sprung a text on him anyway.

"Chaplain," I began, "I was greatly inspired by the sermon you gave on the parable of the loaves and fishes at No. 4 mess hall last Sunday at 2 P. M. Right now I am badly in need of a rod and a staff to comfort me, and I hoped that you might show me how to find a place beside the still waters."

The chaplain winced.

"What have they done to you now?" he asked. "And kindly make it short."

I sat down and let him have it straight. I went back to the very first—the double stretch of infantry training; the misassignment to mechanics school; the lost records and the three solid months of KP; the transfer to an outfit that

didn't need men of any classification but guards; all ratings filled by men ahead of me; no furlough; one small stripe thrown to me like a bone to a starving dog, then held in that rank for eight long hideous months. When the torrent had subsided I sat back and searched the face of the chaplain for a reaction. He gazed at his feet and shook his head slowly.

"I just can't understand the Army," he said. "Now, take me for example. You may think that I am doing pretty well, but I'll tell you appearances are deceiving. After five country churches with an average salary of $10 a week, I finally get settled in a good town with a good congregation. And then, of course, I leave it to become a chaplain. Where do they put me first thing? Out on a sand-blown camp in the desert with a tent to preach in and a bunch of tank men who have no more inclination toward religion than an equal number of Hottentots. Then the wind blows the tent away."

I said that that was too bad.

"That was only the beginning," he continued. "Shortly after I experienced a slight success in bringing some of the boys into the fold, they put another chaplain over me."

He went on and on, from one misfortune to another, and as his story developed one could easily see that he and Fate were at odds, and that it was getting to be too much for him. Tears began to trickle down his cheeks and splash off the bars on his collar.

Since passes were issued now only on Sundays his congregation had suffered a heart-breaking drop in attendance. And he had been ousted from his warm office to make room for the Red Cross. When he protested to the commanding general he was mistaken for a mess officer and installed in a cubbyhole just off the mess kitchen, where from 0600 to 2100 came a heavy odor of frying Spam.

"And to top it all," he said, "I have not received a promotion in 18 months."

I couldn't stand it any longer. I reached across the table, patted him on the shoulder and said: "Keep your chin up, sir. I'm sure things will work out in the long run."

He smiled miserably and thanked me. I tiptoed quietly out the door, leaving him in the throes of his grief.

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We Thought You'd Like To Know

You probably read in YANK a few months ago a story about the people in Lane County, Oreg., who have already tackled the problem of making post-war jobs for the servicemen from their towns. We published a detailed report on their plan because it was one of the few post-war job projects we had heard about that was short on sweet talk and long on down-to-earth action.

In a few words, the Lane County Plan provided for public and private work projects designed by a council of 60-odd citizens representing all sections and interests of Oregon's vast Willamette Valley. The people in the county started the plan strictly on their own, aiming to take care of their own boys and girls after the war with their own money and their own enterprise, asking no help from the state or Federal governments. They realized, like most Americans, that their men and women in the armed forces might have a hard time finding jobs when they returned to civilian life but, unlike most Americans, they decided to roll up their sleeves and do something about it immediately.

When YANK described the Lane County Plan and advised its readers to send the story home, a lot of them did just that. A lot of others wrote to us and to people in Lane County wishing the plan the best of luck.

Well, we have just received some additional news about the Lane County Plan from William M. Tugman, managing editor of the Eugene (Oreg.) *Register-Guard* and one of the plan's original backers. We thought you'd like to know about it. Tugman says:

"Eugene and Lane County have made good on all cash financing for our post-war public projects. County road levies for $500,000 and city levies for $450,000 were adopted recently by a better-than-two-to-one margin with very heavy voting. The cities of Eugene and Springfield will have $4,000,000 to spend on public work projects to make jobs for ex-servicemen and women when the war ends. This leaves the planning council free now to devote all its attention to the creation of private jobs and special projects. We have registered all the Lane County men and women who are in the armed forces, and personal letters have gone out to each one of them concerning their post-war prospects."

This shows what you can do with a tough problem if you have the courage and energy to stand up and face it yourself.

Pass the word back to your home town about the progress Lane County has made in its independent drive to make its own jobs for its own servicemen and women. It is about time that other American communities stopped wondering about the post-war world and started to do something on their own to make it a good one.

"Poor Heinrich is a nervous wreck. He's just back from a furlough in Berlin."

STRICTLY GI

AAF Score

The AAF, in operations in all theaters from our entrance in the war through May 15, 1944, destroyed 16,510 enemy planes in aerial combat, probably destroyed 4,650 and damaged 5,546. On the ground the AAF destroyed 3,664 enemy planes, probably destroyed 347 and damaged 1,432. AAF losses from enemy action totaled 5,718 combat planes in the air, 236 combat planes on the ground and about 200 noncombat planes. During this period the AAF flew 746,353 sorties and dropped 468,391 tons of bombs.

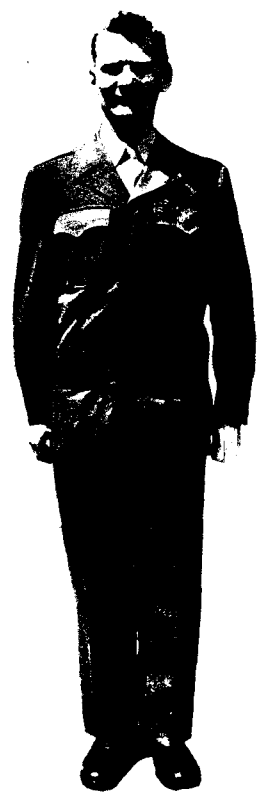
During the first four months of this year Army Air Forces operating in the Pacific and Asia sank 320,489 tons of Japanese shipping. Tonnage reports by months show a total of 70,160 for January, 159,704 for February, 38,450 for March and 52,175 for April.

Overseas Physicals

Enlisted men with any of the following defects will not be sent overseas, according to *WD Cir. No. 164:* 1) Pronounced psychiatric disorders, except mild and temporary psychoneuroses; 2) hernia, except small incisional or umbilical; 3) Class I dental defects, unless they can be remedied with false teeth or unless the teeth are not essential; 4) loss of an eye, whether or not the EM has an artificial eye; 5) recurrence or aftereffects of tropical diseases which are liable to serious aggravation if reinfected. This last does not include uncomplicated malaria, but EM who have or have had malaria or in whose blood malarial parasites are found will not be sent overseas until six months after recovery or the disappearance of the parasites from the blood.

Combat Jacket

The new field jacket soon to be issued to Yanks in the European Theater of Operations is patterned after the British battle dress and can be used for dress wear as well as for combat. It is made of 18-ounce wool serge in the dark olive-drab shade and lined with Albert twill. The collar is convertible and may be turned up tight about the neck, the shoulder pads are of washable construction and the sleeves have adjustable closures like shirt sleeves. The waist is adjustable by means of side buckles and tabs. The jacket has two outside breast pockets with flaps and two inside breast pockets. It may be worn with regular wool serge trousers or wool field trousers and is especially designed so that it can be worn over a high-necked sweater and under the new M1943 cotton field jacket. The initial procurement of the jacket calls for almost 4,000,000 garments, and the QMC has asked the cooperation of the manufacturers in filling the demand quickly.



Washington O P

Some common misunderstanding about Army psychoneurotic cases have been cleared up by Maj. Gen. Norman T. Kirk, surgeon general, and Col. William C. Menninger, chief of the Neuropsychiatry Division. Such cases are neither crazy nor goldbricks, according to Col. Menninger. He pointed out that "everyone exhibits mild psychoneurotic reactions in certain situations" and that "every individual has his breaking point." "The greater proportion of psychoneurotic cases in the Army," he said, "is more apparent than real." He revealed that 30 to 40 percent of battle psychoneuroses are salvaged and returned to duty within 48 hours, and that another 40 percent can be salvaged at evacuation hospitals through personal consultation with the hospital psychiatrists. Of those returned to the United States, "many men who a year ago would have been discharged as unfit for duty are being placed in retraining units and trained again to fill specific Army jobs which they are able to perform." Of those who cannot be salvaged for military service, "most . . . will find little difficulty in readjusting themselves to civilian life, for which they are by no means unfitted."

Only half the boys in the last two years of high school are taking physical education, according to the Office of Education. One reason is lack of instructors. At the same time, Maj. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, director of Selective Service, is urging that the youth of the country be given at least one year of training to fit it for military service. The number of men declared unfit for service in this war is as large as all our armed forces in the last war, he said. —YANK Washington Bureau

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Betty Smith wrote "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," so husband Pfc. Joe Jones tried his hand with a book, too.

camp news

Jones Joins Smith in Print

Fort Monroe, Va.—Pfc. Joe Jones, whose wife, the former Betty Smith, wrote the year's best seller, "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," made his own first appearance as a published author when Harpers released "1-B Soldier," the story of Jones' first year in the Army.

Pfc. Jones, now on duty in the PRO here, came into service on his 36th birthday, going from a desk on the Chapel Hill (N. C.) *Weekly* to a CA training battery. Like Sgt. Marion Hargrove, Jones told of his experiences in a weekly column for his old paper, and the book is a compilation of those columns. The background for his experiences is set at Fort Monroe, the Little Creek Mine Base and Fort Story, Va.

Jones spent his first year in the service without getting out of Virginia, but the CA unwittingly helped him with his story by a quick succession of transfers back and forth between the three camps and with a variety of duties ranging from the Army's version of stevedoring to several types of desk jobs.

A native of Berryville, Va., Jones attended the University of North Carolina and worked on the Chapel Hill *Weekly* for a number of years. At one time he was a waiter, moving with the weather between Lake Placid, N. Y., and Lake Placid, Fla. Since coming here, Jones has been joined by his wife.

Furlough Bank

Camp Chaffee, Ark.—A company banking idea has earned T-5 Edward Jordan the nickname of "Thrift Corporal" and has put him in rather solid with GIs who, because of Jordan's bank, experience no lack of cash when furlough time rolls around.

Jordan is no money lender, however. Whatever dough is in the kitty for those furloughing GIs is merely the result of their own savings, inspired and aided by the facilities which Jordan provides.

Each pay day finds Jordan at a table near the pay-off, so that members of the 561st Ordnance HM Co. (Tank) can make it the first stop if they want to. They can deposit any amount into the company bank and are given a bank book with the amount recorded. From there on it's just like any no-minimum-balance checking account, except that checks may be cashed only by Jordan; they are not negotiable elsewhere. The records show that 80 percent of the men use the bank.

There's nothing in it for Jordan except the work, but he takes pride in the feeling that his

Overseas Vet Hero of Storm Rescue

Camp Fannin, Tex.—Cpl. Clyde H. Banzhof of Lancaster, Pa., who was with the Inf. on Guadalcanal, was credited recently with quick, heroic action in saving the life of Lt. Charles J. Barrow of Swarthmore, Pa., executive officer of A-82d, 15th Regt., IRTC.

Banzhof, who has already earned a promotion for that feat, was also commended for directing rescue operations when a freak windstorm pinned several platoons of IRTC trainees in a wooded area and left them to the mercy of falling trees.

Two men suffered fatal injuries in the storm, and 11 were hurt, one of them seriously. The storm felled more than 30 trees in the woods near Kernal's Lake, where the soldiers were part of a group returning in a file of twos from a scouting and night-patrol problem.

When the twister struck, the head of the column had just turned around and was moving out of the woods. It was very dark, and the rain was falling in blinding sheets. The column had taken about five steps when Cpl. Banzhof suddenly tackled Lt. Barrow, throwing him heavily to the wet, soggy earth. Just 18 inches away a tree measuring at least 20 inches in girth came hurtling down, pinning nine trainees to the ground. Pvt. James Cox Jr. of Ector, Tex., received fatal injuries in this accident and died at the station hospital the following morning. Pvt. Richard Somers of Raleigh, N. C., sustained a serious spine fracture. The other seven victims were hospitalized with injuries of a lesser degree.

In another part of the woods, similar operations were going on under the direction of Sgt. Otho B. Upchurch of Dahlgren, Ill., and Cpl. Gerauld Collier of Brookfield, Mo. Collier himself had a close call when falling branches from one tree knocked off his helmet and staggered him. The same tree was responsible for fatal injuries to Pvt. Clayton Matlock of Baldwin Park, Calif., who died on the way to the hospital.

Trainees behind Upchurch and Collier were themselves pinned down by a second tree when they went to help the other men. Pvt. Robert R. Samuel of Hood River, Oreg., suffered a mild concussion and a fractured leg. Pvt. Orville E. Lake of Omaha, Nebr., sustained concussion, cuts and bruises and a compound fracture of one finger.

The first ambulance to arrive on the scene crossed the flooded lake area on top of a dirt dam, over which water was beginning to flow. The spillways on the sides were so flooded that trainees, carrying Pvt. Matlock on an improvised stretcher of rifles and a GI blanket, were forced to wade knee deep in water to reach the ambulance.

—S/Sgt. WILLIAM BANCROFT

Lt. Barrow surveys tree which just missed him.

Two 15th Regiment heroes of the freakish windstorm rehash the episode with two of the 19 victims. Left to right, they are: Sgt. Otho B. Upchurch, Pvt. Robert Samuel, Cpl. Gerauld Collier and Pvt. Orville E. Lake.

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idea has encouraged saving and has made it unnecessary for many of his buddies to borrow to defray furlough expenses. In six months of operation, the bank has accepted 487 deposits for a total of nearly $20,000. On 497 checks, withdrawals have amounted to $16,721, of which, Jordan says, more than half has been used to finance furloughs. —T-4 CHARLES CABANA Jr

Somebody'll Make It

Harding Field, La.—In response to an invitation by the Wacs to attend their anniversary party, 1st Sgt. Russell O. Stevens of Section A, 263d AAF Base Unit, sent the following formal reply to the first sergeant of the WAC detachment:

Section A will be represented in force with the following exceptions: *a*) men in the hospital; *b*) men absent without leave; *c*) men with jealous wives; *d*) men with jealous girl friends; *e*) men working that night; *f*) men on furlough; *g*) men with dates already arranged; *h*) men recovering from Saturday night; *i*) men recovering from Sunday night; *j*) men who don't want to wake up Tuesday morning recovering from Monday night; *k*) men who have no clean pants because 1) same are in laundry, 2) same are not in laundry; *l*) men pulling CG here and there; *m*) men who intend to attend but get lost on the way. —Pfc. MAXINE GARRARD

Dog Dyers, Sound Off

Camp Beale, Calif.—S/Sgt. Thomas H. Sauls of the Service Btry., FA Bn., is confronted with a problem because of Jiggs II, the battalion mascot. Jiggs has passed his overseas physical, has had most of his shots and is all set to go but for one thing—his color.

Jiggs is a white bulldog and, it seems, white dogs are frowned on at the port of embarkation. The only solution, Sgt. Sauls says, is to dye Jiggs a nice neutral OD color.

But, the sergeant wants to know, how do you dye a dog?

No Greater Love

Columbus Army Air Field, Miss.—M/Sgt. Marshal B. Stacey, NCOIC, Inst. Tng. Dept., got a long-distance call from Chicago. The party on the other end was S/Sgt. Walter J. Zapala, who wanted Stacey to do him a favor.

"Not over five bucks, I won't," replied Stacey.

"I don't need any dough," said Zapala. "What I want you to do is to assign a couple of guys for latrine orderly Saturday—I forgot to do it before I left."

The call cost $2.50.

A Red Ribbon for Oscar

Camp Haan, Calif.—Pvt. Merle R. Johnson of B Btry., 330th Bn., approached the hostess at Service Club No. 1 and asked for a red ribbon.

"I'll have to look," the hostess said. "What's it for?"

"It's for Oscar," Pvt. Johnson said, reddening.

"Who's Oscar?" asked the hostess.

"Well, if you must know," said Johnson, reaching into his back pocket, "this is Oscar." He pulled out a three-foot gopher snake, very much alive and wriggling.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Camp Polk, La.—When the winner of the manual-of-arms competition among GIs of the 49th Armd. Inf. Bn., 8th Arm. Div., was announced, there were a few red faces scattered throughout the battalion. The winner was Pvt. William L. Arnold who a few weeks before had been transferred to the battalion from an ASTP outfit at the University of Illinois and had had only a three weeks' refresher training here. Arnold credited his squad sergeant for his own proficiency with the M1 rifle.

Kearney Army Air Base, Nebr. — Pvt. Nina P. Morris was featured by the post paper, the *Duster*, as the field's favorite Mother's Day Air-Wac. When her Wac friends went to congratulate her, Pvt. Morris was not to be found until the Wacs went to the mess hall for coffee. There was the favorite mother of the day doing KP.

San Diego Barracks, Calif.—M/Sgt. Raymond C. Morgan, Marine Corps mess sergeant, claims he hasn't received a letter from anyone since November 1933. What he got then was a letter from the Southern California Telephone Company, enclosing a nickel refund for a wrong number.

Stuttgart Army Air Field, Ark.—Pvt. Flavius Long was sent into town to bring back a mule to help him with the victory garden at the station hospital. The mule, named George, had never seen an Army truck before and refused to ride in it. He also refused to let Pvt. Long ride him. There was only one way left, and Pvt. Long took it. He walked George the eight long miles back to the base.

Camp Adair, Oreg. — T-4 George Nikolai has this to say about shaving: "When the weather's cold, I hate to shave in ice water. And when the weather's hot, I'd rather drink the water than shave in it." So Sgt. Nikolai has rigged himself a battery-operated power plant to go with his electric razor. Now he has no trouble keeping himself comfortably clean-shaven without gripes from GIs who claim an electric razor causes interference with radio reception.

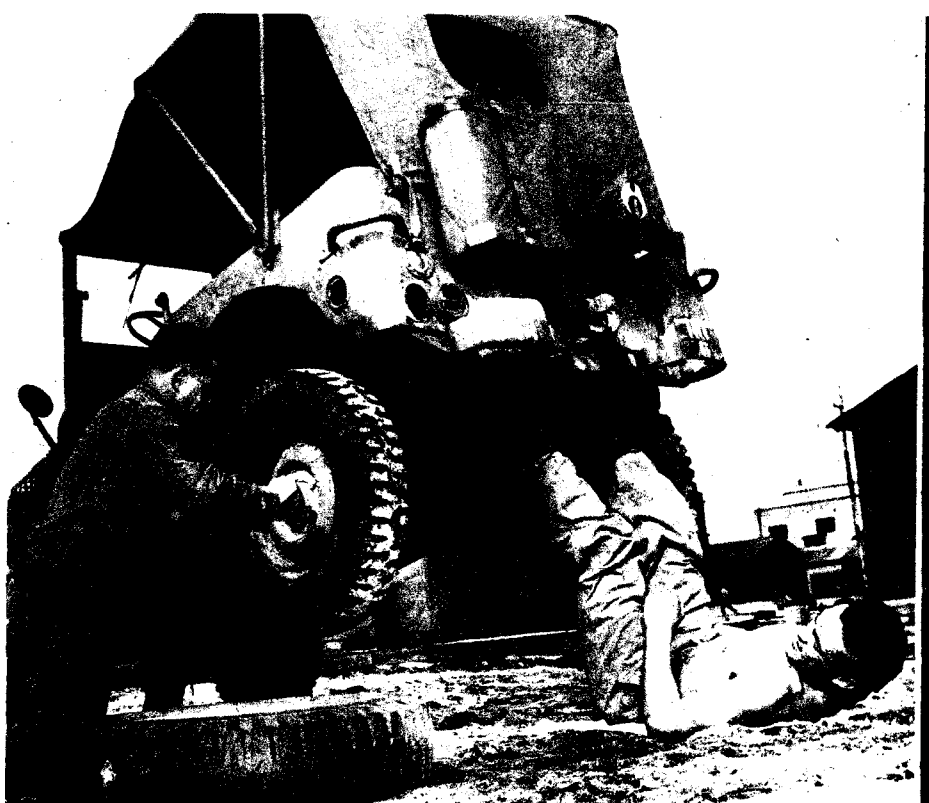
Lake Charles Army Air Field, La. — Cpl. J. E. Clark, armorer-gunner of Class 336-22, was credited with a real record. He was the first enlisted man to complete the RTU Ground School with grades of 100 in each of his subjects.

Sioux Falls Army Air Field, S. Dak.—It may not be a record, but Pvt. Mae M. Houston of Burlington, Iowa, a member of the station hospital's staff, has six sons, a daughter and three grandchildren. Four of her sons are in the Navy; one will soon be in the Marines.

Camp Roberts, Calif.—When Pvt. Edgar A. Lawson of Co. B, 85th Inf. Tng. Bn., presented his rifle to the inspecting officer, it was returned without comment. Pvt. John Conley of the second squad, who hadn't tried to do much with his rifle, waited until the officer was at the other end of the line and then exchanged rifles with Lawson. When the officer reached Conley and inspected the rifle, it failed to pass, and Conley was gigged. Later the private learned that the officer had spotted the exchange.

TWIN GABRIELS. Albert and Anthony Mazucca, 19, of Tacoma, Wash. give out twin hot licks on their "licorice sticks" in the band at Buckley Field, Colo.

NEAT STACK. Cpl. Darline Long stacks up pretty well herself alongside load of paper gathered in waste-paper salvage drive at Camp Lejeune, N. C.



LEG POWER. Nothing wrong with T-5 Carl Cathey's legs even if he's limited service (punctured eardrum). At Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla., he lifts a jeep.

FATHER TO SON. M/Sgt. John R. Dawdy, 19 years in the Army, pins flying officer's wings on his son, Lt. C. G. Dawdy on graduation day at Columbus AAF, Miss.

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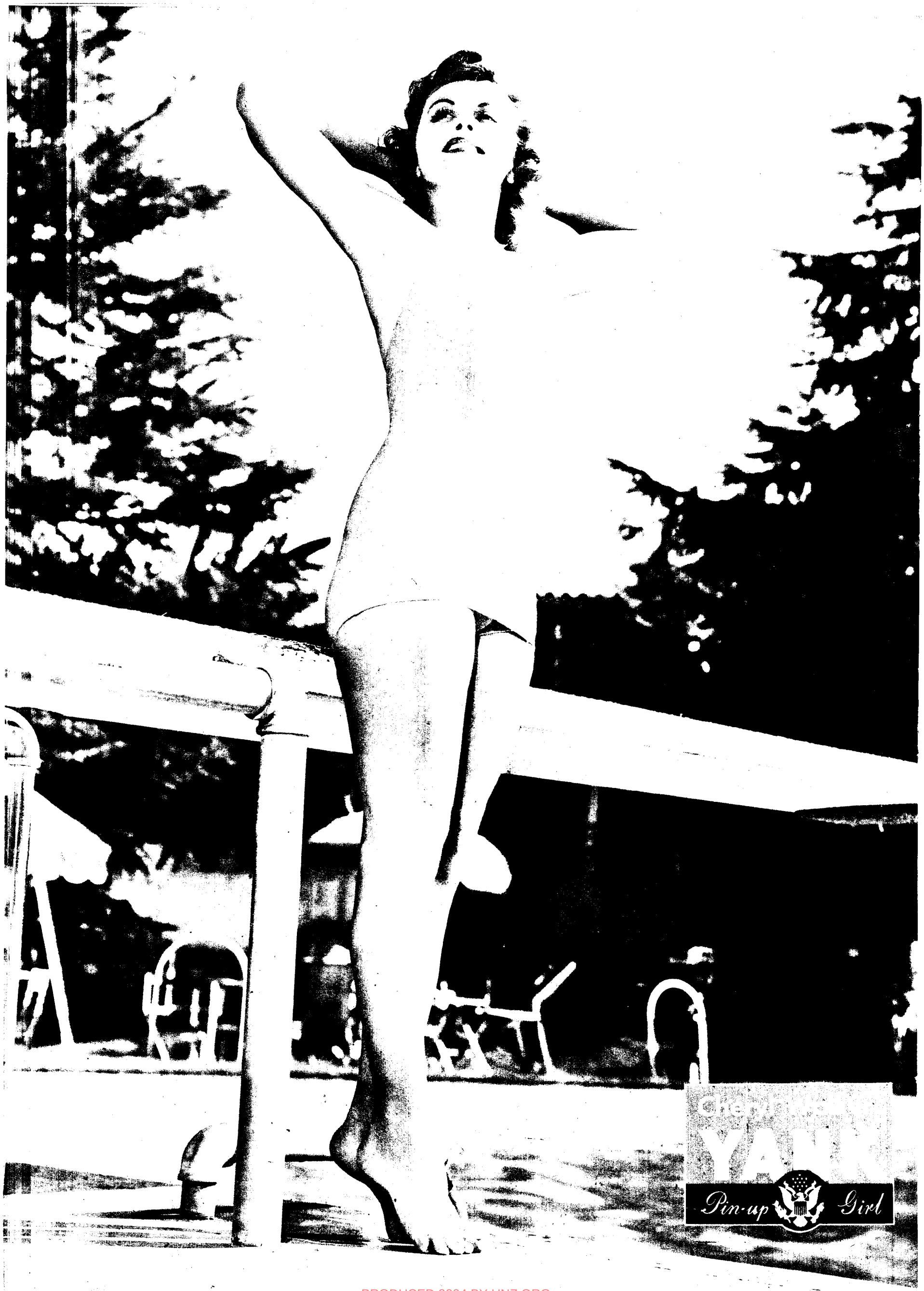

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THE DRUMS

Some future year, when [illegible]
And frightened moons [illegible] sickly through the
skies,
All pale with flame and death—a Man will rise
Upon the earth, where once He stood before,
And raise His voice. And men will stare at crags
And stumps and shattered city walls and say:
"What have we done? Some dynamiting day
Will fling us, too, among the bloody rags
Of sky we've pulled down, fighting to be free!"
But loud the urgent drums renew the beat
To drown the gentle voice, and man's poor feet,
As if in magic shoes, dance off in glee
And waltz him to an Armageddon's blast—
Not the first, nor the second, nor the last!

Camp Butner, N. C. —Sgt. HAROLD APPLEBAUM

ALEUTIAN LAMENT

We've all got paper dollies:
They're pinned on every wall,
From a pistol-packin' mama
To luscious Lucille Ball.

We always find 'em waiting,
True as any pearl,
But we'd trade our paper dollies
For a fickle-minded girl.

They've got no animation
Though posed to hypnotize,
Displaying dainty breastwork,
Hips and knees and thighs.

We never have a worry
About 'em doing wrong,
They're only paper dollies,
Like that one in the song.

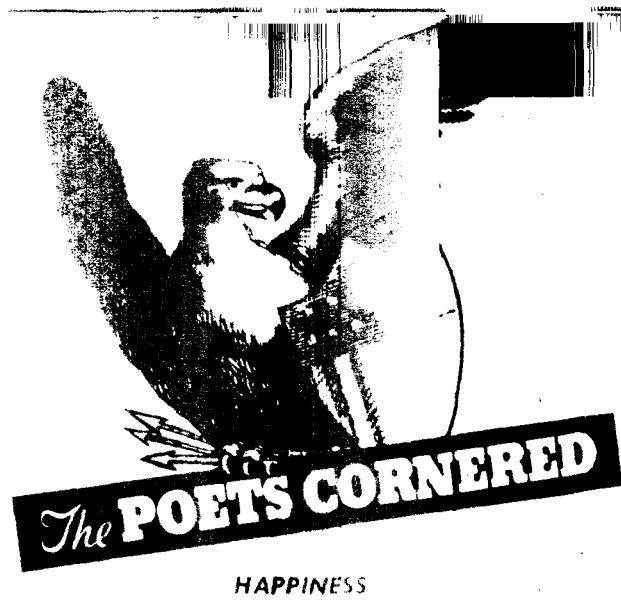
We're getting out of practice
At winking flirty eyes;
We need some real live dollies
To make us flirty guys.

But we pin 'em up as often
As we find a shapely lass,
And cuss the Frank Sinatras
Enjoying all that class.

We'd take our chance on losing
A dolly that was real:
A blonde, brunette or redhead
Would have the same appeal.

We are no longer choosy—
For a short one, fat or long,
We'd trade our paper dollies
To the guy who wrote the song.

The Aleutians —Cpl. JAMES R. GARDNER



HAPPINESS

Great is the price for happiness:
Yet would I pay the price
A dozen times. I would not once
Consider any cost too great.
For I have tasted happiness
Course through my veins
And stimulate each nerve.
Yet must I flinch before the payment
Of its price; yet I must tremble
Underneath its burden-weight.
I would for freedom's sake
Cheat in its payment where I might;
The evil in my mind would have it so.
But I am seen by eyes
That ever see me as I am. How can I
Cheat and not forever lose the right
To purchase happiness?
There is a light in which I see
The price of happiness is not too great
For me—
Unless I play the coward's part,
And that shall never be!

India —Sgt. CARLYLE A. OBERLE

OBITUARY

Under a friendly tavern spigot
Lay out my grave and write my ticket.
My life was raw but always cricket
And Bacchus my partner and guide.

This be the verse that you grave for me:
"Here lies a GI where he longs to be
With a flask on his hip and a blonde on his knee
And a quart of shellac in his hide."

Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla.
—S/Sgt. FRANKLIN M. WILLMENT

Battle Hymn of the Republic

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword.
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps.
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat:
O, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

This famous Civil War marching song was written by Julia Ward Howe (1819-1910) in 1861. It is sung to, the tune of "John Brown's Body."

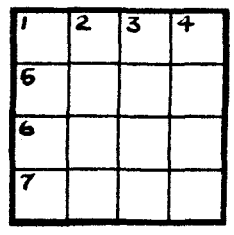
ARMY TIMEPIECE

Dear Mom: Your letter was a welcome lift
But do not send the watch you plan to buy.
Betimes it would have made a useful gift,
But that was in civilian days gone by.
Now time has lost its urgency, and so
I need no watch to mark what hour's fled.
There is a gift that you might send me, though:
Please send a pocket calendar, instead.

Herbert Smart Airport, Ga. —Cpl. NATHANIEL ROGOVOY

CRASS-WORD PUZZLE

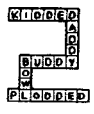
ONE of the definitions Webster gives for *crass* is "very stupid." With that warning, try this one. It works just like a regular cross-word puzzle.



ACROSS
1. Chew
5. Insect sting
6. A snack (slang)
7. Corrode

DOWN
1. Insects
2. Ogles
3. Annoy
4. Comfort

TEE-TOTAL WINNERS



OVERSEAS. Twelfth-time winner: William Reiter SF2c (score of 397); ninth-time winner: T/Sgt. K. J. Harris (397). Prize puzzle kits go to these first-time winners: Pfc. Charles Jefferys, whose solution is shown, and Cpl. Douglas Booth (tied at 398); S/Sgt. P. E. Kaltenbach and Sgt. A. R. Brigante (tied at 397); Pfc. H. Wakefield and Pvt. Emil Wiszowaty (tied at 394) and Sgt. Dodd Fortenberry and Pvt. V. H. Ruvolo, USMC (tied at 392).

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

CARD SHIFT. 4D on 4S; 2D on 2S; 3D on 3S; 5D on 5S

CRASS-WORD PUZZLE. 1, 5, 6 and 7 *Across* all are the same word: *bitt*. Fill in the spaces on the diagram accordingly, then think over the definitions for 1, 2, 3 and 4 *Down* once more. Crass, isn't it?

WHEN Californians boast about their weather and their women, this is what they have in mind. About their women, we mean. At 17, Cheryl Walker was beautiful enough to be crowned Queen of the 1939 Pasadena Tournament of Roses — and she hasn't slipped a bit. Wouldn't be surprised if she had improved. Her latest movie for Warner Bros. is "Make Your Own Bed."

TEE-TOTAL

FEELING bored? Enter this contest and you'll become exasperated. But you'll get a prize kit of puzzles if you send in a solution with a score that is HIGHER than any other contestant's score. Here's the way to do it:

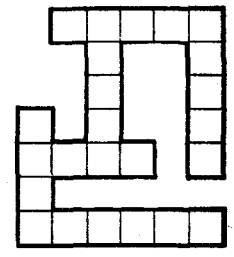
Fill in diagram with six different English words. No names of persons or places. Consult Letler Value table. Add number values of the *24 letters* you have used, *counting each of the 24 letters only once*. The sample work-out here totals 252, and you'll have to do a lot better than that if you want to get a prize.

Remember: the object of Tee-Total puzzles is to get the HIGHEST, not the lowest, score.

In case of word disputes, we'll check with Webster's Collegiate.

LETTER VALUES

A	— 3	N	— 14
B	— 16	O	— 6
C	— 12	P	— 13
D	— 8	Q	— 18
E	— 2	R	— 10
F	— 23	S	— 7
G	— 15	T	— 9
H	— 19	U	— 1
I	— 4	V	— 26
J	— 21	W	— 20
K	— 24	X	— 17
L	— 11	Y	— 5
M	— 22	Z	— 25



Score ..... Name, ASN and address:

.....

.....

.....

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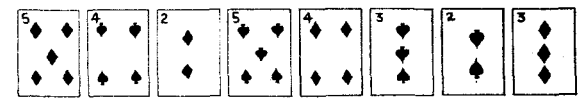
Mail to Puzzle Editor, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., within two weeks of the date of this issue if you are in the U. S., within *eight* weeks if you are outside the U. S. Winners in U. S. will be listed on this page in the July 28 issue.

CARD SHIFT



REMOVE these eight cards from a deck and lay them out as shown.

PROBLEM: In four moves obtain four groups of two cards each, each of the groups being made up of a pair.

At each move you must pick up a card and jump it over two adjacent cards, placing it upon the next one in line.

With a little preliminary figuring, you ought to be able to do this on the first try.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS If you are a YANK subscriber and have changed your address, use this coupon together with the mailing address on your latest YANK to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

Full Name and Rank — Order No.

OLD MILITARY ADDRESS

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PX

Contributions for this page should be addressed to the Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

It's All a Knack

IT'S like I say, Eddie, ya gotta know how to handle women. It's all a knack. Take me, for instance.

Last Saturday night I am in Mrs. Snodgrass' Boarding House waiting for my chick and very occupied with a copy of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. On my left is a marine sergeant with a bunch of posies in one hand and a five-pound box of sweets in the other. He is also looking at my copy of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Looking over my right shoulder is an ensign who is stretching his neck at the girdle advertisements. We are all waiting for chicks.

Right across from us is Mrs. Snodgrass, who looks like her husband was a first sergeant and her face froze while trying to outshout him.

Well, pretty soon a pair of stems comes trucking down the stairs followed by as classy a chassis as I've ever seen. The marine sergeant jumps up from the couch, pulls down his blouse and walks to meet the frill.

"I am the Greek god bearing gifts for the lovely," he says, and he shoves the posies and sweets in front of her.

"Posies!" screams the dame. "Oh, William, you know my hay fever!" and she dumps the flowers in Mrs. Snodgrass' lap.

"And candy!" she wails. "You know I'm on a diet. Oh, William, how could you?"

She reads the riot act to him all the way out, and Mrs. Snodgrass snorts: "Marines, humph!" The ensign and me go back to the girdle advertisements.

The next pair of stems to truck down the stairs is followed by a chest expansion that would make Charles Atlas blush with envy. The ensign jumps up and stalks anxiously towards The Chest. "I have purchased two tickets in the front row for the Follies," he states very proudly. "We will make merry."

The tomato passes her hand wearily over her brow and moans: "Leave us go to the Waldorf Room, Ronald. I need peace and quiet."

The ensign's Adam's apple goes "Gulp!" and I can almost see $10 cover charges running through his mind. When they start to leave, he carefully knocks the sparks out of the cigarette and inserts it back in the case. He will need it later in the month. Mrs. Snodgrass snorts: "Sailors, humph!"

Now it is my chick's turn, and pretty soon she comes running down the stairs. No click of heels, no mincing walk—just the loveliest long black hair you have ever run your hands through, a black sweater, yellow skirt, yellow socks, and moccasins. You've seen that picture of Muriel in the black sweater that I've got over my bunk, haven't you, Eddie? Every time the captain comes by for inspection it makes him forget all about the dust under my cot. Well, she is wearing that black sweater.

I bounce off the couch and say: "Muriel, you look like something out of a girdle advertisement," and I proceed to plant one right smack on her red ruby lips. "Oh, Muscles," she says as she opens her eyes, "you make my ears jump up and down." To which I gasp: "Leave us go study celestial navigation in the park, honey." Muriel grabs my arm, and I say: "Toodle-oo, Snodgrass. See you in the funny papers." And Mrs. Snodgrass does not snort. "Have a good time, soldier," she says.

It's like I say, Eddie, you got to know how to handle women. It's all a knack.

Gainesville, Fla. —Pfc. LESTER GROLNICK

Church Service

SUNDAY morning was a quiet one in Company A's orderly room. It had started to rain about 0300, and by the time the company clerk walked in to relieve the CQ for breakfast the mud was inches deep.

The clerk made out the sick book, took the morning report to regimental headquarters and then had breakfast. It was still quiet when he got back, and he decided to spend a few hours writing letters.

The phone rang. It was the chaplain calling. He wanted 20 more chairs brought to the chapel because it was the kind of morning for a big congregation. The clerk sent out a detail to lug the chairs from the rec hall up the hill to the chapel.

When the phone rang again, it was the guardhouse. Its one prisoner—a boy who had been AWOL and had been returned to camp that week to await trial—wanted to go to church services on his first Sunday back in camp. Someone would have to call for him and take him to church.

The clerk looked over his 20-percent cadre list and called Cpl. Zanowski. The corporal was still sleeping. The men woke him up and told him to get dressed and report to the orderly room on the double.

Zanowski came into the orderly room on the double. He was in fatigues and still smelled of sleep.

"You're on 20 percent," the clerk said, "and the prisoner wants to go to church this morning. You're elected."

"Church!" Janowski shouted. "The prisoner! What the hell does he want to go to church for?"

"He wants to go," said the clerk, "and you're elected."

Zanowski went back to his barracks to dress in ODs.

The phone rang, and it was the guardhouse again. The prisoner hadn't missed a service at home or in camp since he was a kid. He wanted to make sure he could go to services this morning.

"We're sending a noncom right over," the clerk said. He lit a cigarette and looked out through the window. Up the back road dozens of soldiers were sloshing through the rain toward the chapel.

Zanowski came in, dressed in ODs. "Where's the carbine?" he asked. The supply sergeant brought out the carbine and a magazine from the supply room. Zanowski slung the piece on his shoulder, adjusted it and headed for the door.

"On a morning like this," he said, "a guy has to go to church—and I have to take him!"

The clerk called the guardhouse. "Cpl. Janowski is on his way over," he said. "Have the prisoner ready."

He had put the finishing touches on a letter to his wife when the door opened and Zanowski walked in slowly. Zanowski took the carbine off his shoulder, placed it against the wall and laid the magazine on the desk. He sat down in the extra chair.

"Back so soon?" asked the clerk. "The service can't be over yet. It must just be starting now."

"We didn't go to church," said Zanowski. "The prisoner didn't want to go to church."

"But he called up twice," the clerk said. "He didn't want to miss a service. He hadn't missed one since he was a kid."

Zanowski fumbled for a cigarette. "He didn't want to go to church," he repeated. "He didn't want to walk into church with a guy holding a carbine in his back."

Camp Croft, S. C. —Pvt. SYDNEY BERMAN

"So that's Gordon's idea of a double date!"
—Sgt. Al Kaelin, AAF, Tobyhanna, Pa.

THE SHOW

Uneasily, from time to time I shifted
  Positions in a chair. With throbbing heart
I waited for the time-worn show to start,
  And as the velvet curtain slowly lifted
Revealing lovely scenes, I gently drifted
  Into a world of flesh and fantasy;
And all my friends who saw the show agree
  The star performer of the show was gifted.
And now as hazy smoke rings seem to crown
  The whisky bottles in this lowly den
With halos, I still dream and smoke and drown
  Myself in heaven's royal drink, and then
I watch the girl who wears the velvet gown—
  I wonder if she'll cross her legs again.

Fort Benning, Ga. —Sgt. LEONARD SUMMERS

RECIPROCITY

You've always been considerate
  And I've met none so fair;
So how can you embrace the thought
  Of giving me the air?

Remember all the fun we've had
  And friends that we both knew;
Please love me, dear, just one month more
  Till I get tired of you.

North Camp Hood, Tex. —Pvt. NAT L. SCHEIN

THE OPTIMIST

If the devil takes the hindmost,
  No doubt I'll be behind;
The gold beyond the rainbow
  Is the gold I'll never find;
I'm always on the other side
  Of the cloud that's silver lined.

My life is rugged, really,
  And yet I'm seldom vexed,
Because I'm stickin' round to see
  Just what the hell can happen next!

Station Hospital, Chico AAF, Calif. —Pfc. JOHN J. MLOCEK

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SPORTS: SO YOU KNOW SPORTS? THEN TRY THIS SIMPLE LITTLE QUIZ

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

YANK's third all-purpose sports quiz, ideal for brightening up ten-minute breaks, bull sessions and the lonely war in Alaska.

In scoring yourself for this quiz, allow five points for every question you answer correctly. Eighty or more is excellent, 70 is good, 60 fair, 50 passing, 40 or below failure.

1. Babe Dahlgren has seen service with seven major-league teams and the Pullman Company. Can you name five of the teams he played with?

2. What football player was named on the All-American team for two successive years playing for two different schools?

3. Mel Ott broke in with the Giants at the age of 16 as *(a)* outfielder, *(b)* bat boy, *(c)* catcher, *(d)* infielder.

4. Name three outstanding professional golfers whose last names begin with the letter "H"?

5. With what sports do you associate each of the following terms: *(a)* blueline, *(b)* baseline, *(c)* balkline?

6. Who was the Cincinnati catcher that committed suicide in a Boston hotel?

7. Ernie Schaaf was killed in a bout with *(a)* Baer, *(b)* Carnera, *(c)* Sharkey, *(d)* Unknown Winston.

8. What great foreign miler beat Glenn Cunningham in the Princeton meet and later ran away from him in the Berlin Olympics, where he set a new 1,500 meter record?

9. How many of the following pitchers have won 30 or more games in a single season? Carl Hubbell, Jim Bagby Sr., Herb Pennock, Dizzy Dean, Lefty Grove, Lefty Gomez, Bob Feller, Jim Bagby Jr., Babe Ruth.

10. Who is the famous football coach whose name is pronounced the same as that of a great violinist, though the last part is spelled differently?

11. On what college teams did the following professional football players perform: *(a)* Mel Hein, *(b)* Dutch Clark, *(c)* Whizzer White, *(d)* Beatty Feathers, *(e)* Ace Parker?

12. What was the last World Series to go the full seven games?

13. Jim Tobin's no-hitter against the Dodgers was the first one in the big leagues since 1941. Who pitched the one in 1941?

14. The only horse ever to defeat Man O' War was *(a)* Regret, *(b)* John P. Grier, *(c)* Upset, *(d)* Exterminator.

15. When Mel Harder of the Indians won his 201st major-league victory recently, one of the spectators was the only pitcher to win more than 500 games. Who was he?

16. Who was the only boxer to win the heavyweight championship on a foul?

17. What former Duke All-American was responsible for Notre Dame's only defeat of 1943?

18. Identify four well-known golfers known by each of the following nicknames: *(a)* Silver Fox, *(b)* Emperor Jones, *(c)* Joplin Ghost, *(d)* Wee Bobby.

19. Here are some well-known runners-up. What famous stars used to defeat them, sometimes by a close margin? *(a)* Helen Jacobs, *(b)* Blue Swords, *(c)* Lew Tendler, *(d)* Gene Venzke.

20. Here is a famous sports farewell of 1938 that you should remember. Who is the lone figure and what were the circumstances surrounding his departure?

ANSWERS TO SPORTS QUIZ

1. Cubs, Yankees, Red Sox, Braves, Dodgers, Pirates, Phillies. **2.** Bill Daley, 1942 Minnesota; 1943 Michigan. **3.** Catcher. **4.** Ben Hogan, Jimmy Hines, Dutch Harrison, Walter Hagen, Clayton Heafner. Chick Harbert. **5.** *(a)* hockey, *(b)* tennis, *(c)* billiards. **6.** Willard Hershberger. **7.** Carnera. **8.** Jack Lovelock. **9.** Jim Bagby Sr., Lefty Grove, Dizzy Dean. **10.** Fritz Crisler. **11.** *(a)* Washington State, *(b)* Colorado College, *(c)* Colorado, *(d)* Tennessee, *(e)* Duke. **12.** Reds vs. Tigers in 1940. **13.** Lon Warneke, then with the Cardinals, against the Reds. **14.** Upset. **15.** Denton (Cy) Young. **16.** Max Schmeling. **17.** Steve Lach of Great Lakes. **18.** *(a)* Tommy Armour, *(b)* Bobby Jones, *(c)* Horton Smith, *(d)* Bobby Cruickshank. **19.** *(a)* Helen Wills, *(b)* Count Fleet, *(c)* Benny Leonard, *(d)* Glenn Cunningham. **20.** Schoolboy Rowe leaving Briggs Stadium, Detroit, after a brilliant career with the Tigers. He developed a sore arm and was farmed out to Beaumont.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

THIS year's Great Lakes line-up reads like something out of *Baseball's Who's Who*, with such major-league stars as **Max West, Billy Herman, Gene Thompson, Schoolboy Rowe, Clyde McCullough, Virgil Trucks, Bill Baker, Merrill May, Johnny McCarthy, Al Glossop** and **Syl Johnson**. And in case **Mickey Cochrane** ever needs an able pinch-runner he can always call on **Apprentice Seaman Glenn Cunningham**. . . . **Lt. Jim Lansing**, the Fordham footballer, who dropped the first bomb on Truk, has signed with the Boston pro Yankees and will join the team after the war. . . . **Lt. Ted Williams**, the Red Sox slugger, and **Lt. Bob Kennedy**, former Chicago White Sox third baseman, are Marine flight instructors in the same squadron at the Pensacola (Fla.) Naval Air Station. . . . Add the names of **Chief Specialists Pee Wee Reese** and **Hugh Casey** to the long list of major leaguers now serving in Hawaii. . . . **Lt. Darold Jenkins**, Missouri's All-American center of '41, who was reported missing in action several weeks ago, has turned up as a PW in Germany. . . . **Lt. Buddy Hassett**, one of Lou Gehrig's successors at first base, has been appointed recreation officer on an aircraft carrier now nearing completion. . . . Indiana's **Archie Harris**, who holds the American record for the discus throw, is an aviation cadet at the Tuskegee (Ala.) Army Air Field, where **Pvt. John Brooks**, the Olympic broad jump star, is a PT instructor.

Decorated: **Sgt. Gregory Mangin**, one-time Davis Cup winner and national indoor tennis champion, with the Distinguished Flying Cross for shooting down one enemy fighter, forcing a second one to give up the attack on his Fortress, and keeping the other German planes at a safe distance in a raid over Nazi-occupied Italy. . . . *Promoted:* **Lt. Buddy Lewis**, former Washington third baseman, to captain in Burma, where he is piloting a C-47; **Lt. Mickey Cochrane**, Great Lakes baseball coach, to lieutenant commander. . . . *Discharged:* **Al Evans**, second-string catcher for the Senators, from the Navy with a CDD. . . . *Ordered for induction:* **George Munger**, right-hander of the Cardinals (4-1 this season) by the Army; **Bill Hulse**, fastest U. S. outdoor miler (4:06), by the Navy; **Al Lakeman**, second-string catcher for the Reds, by the Army; **Ralph Hodgin**, Chicago White Sox outfielder, by the Army; **Huck Geary**, war-working Phillie shortstop, by the Army. . . . *Rejected:* **Ed Sauer**, rookie Chicub outfielder, because of high blood pressure; **Dain Clay**, Reds' outfielder, because of headaches.

[illegible] AMP. Cpl. [illegible] set a PGA record (136 for 36 holes) when he beat Sammy Snead for the title in 1938, patches up a B-24 Liberator in New Guinea.

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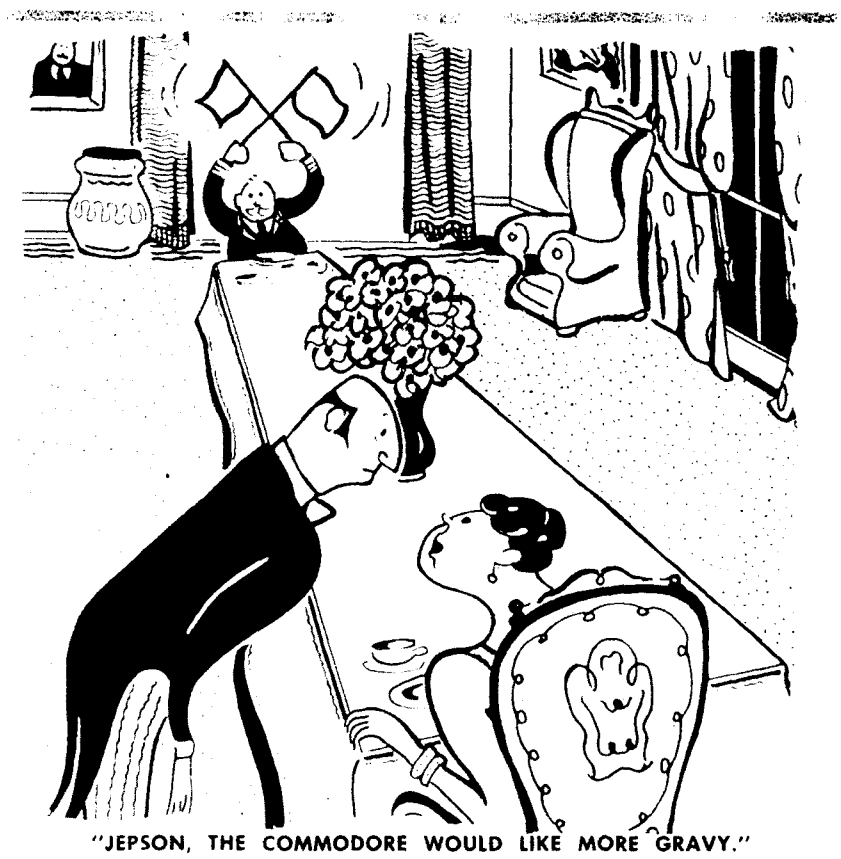
"SUPPLIES, SUPPLIES, ALWAYS SUPPLIES! DON'T YOU EVER BRING IN ANY WOMEN?"
—Cpl. Ernest Maxwell



"JEPSON, THE COMMODORE WOULD LIKE MORE GRAVY."
—Pvt. Gerard Otto

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—Pvt. Thomas Flannery

"I DON'T THINK YOU UNDERSTOOD WHAT THEY MEANT WHEN THEY SAID YOU COULD LIVE OFF THE POST."
—Cpl. Art Gates

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